

# SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

AUGUST 31, 1959

*America's National Sports Weekly*

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## PARRY O'BRIEN

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THE PAN AMERICAN GAMES

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... BY DUPONT CHEMISTRY

Cover: Parry O'Brien ►

► Shotput record holder Parry O'Brien is one of thousands of Western Hemisphere athletes who gathered in Chicago this week for the Pan American Games (see page 14).

Photograph by Ernst Haas

## Next week



► The best tennis player on the American squad in this week's Davis Cup Challenge Round is a Peruvian named Alex Olinetti. A personality report by James Murray.

► The Dodgers meet the Giants in Los Angeles, and the Indians take on the White Sox in Cleveland. On-the-spot reports of crucial days in the big league pennant races.

► The miracle of the Pacific salmon, with a special look by famed Angler Roderick Haig-Brown at two of the world's greatest game fish—the giant king and the coho.

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# MEMO from the publisher

FOR citizens of this country the best-known setting at the American National Exhibition in Moscow is probably the kitchen where Khrushchev and Nixon held one of their livelier debates. But for hundreds of thousands of Soviet citizens who have been attending the fair in person the place to remember may well be instead an open stage in a wooded area of Sokolniki Park where, three times daily, a cast of mostly nonprofessional models demonstrates how Americans dress for the kind of lives they lead.

One scene of the 30-minute fashion show depicts Americans at play. Although the clothes worn in it are new to Russians, they are simply typical of the wide, imaginative range of contemporary American sportswear that appears in this magazine almost any week. They include, in fact, many of the clothes shown at this year's SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Design Awards Dinner (81, June 22). For after Eleanor Lambert, the chairman of the Selections Committee for the exhibition fashions, saw them there, she asked our Sporting Look department to select the sportswear for the Moscow show. It was a distinct pleasure.

The result seems to be a pleasure too for the Russians—to judge from the accompanying snapshot. Taken by Eleanor Montville of our Promotion Department, who assisted Miss Lambert at the exhibition, it catches a fragment of one of the crowds, which average 3,000 for each fashion show.

Just back from Moscow, Miss Montville told me of the show's drawing



RUSSIAN AUDIENCE AT THE U.S. EXHIBITION

power. Once inside the grounds, for instance, the Russians do not mind biding their place for the next performance by standing for as long as 2½ hours.

But tickets for the exhibition itself are hard to come by, and many Russians will hopefully outside the high fence surrounding it. Originally a canvas drop covered that part which passed near the fashion stage. What melted on its other side could best be called a Soviet knothole gang. Soviet officials finally gave up; the canvas came down. And no ticketless Russians who may never get to see the American kitchen at least are enjoying the Sporting Look.

"One sight poignantly frequent at the show," Eleanor Montville says, "is that of young Russian girls in the audience making rough sketches of the garments. At home they'll try to re-create what they've copied. Even if it's still hard for Russians to believe that these clothes are a normal part of American life, I'm pretty sure some of these clothes are going to be a little part of Soviet life."

*Arthur Murphy*

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PHOTO: ALAN FORTUNE

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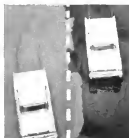
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† RAYMOND CHRYSLER 175

SCOREBOARD continued

## faces in the crowd . . .



**LOWELL NORTH**, 30-year-old San Diegoan, expertly skippered his sleek North Star III to two firsts in five-race series off Newport Beach, Calif., to regain world Star Class championship he lost last year.

**JUDY RAND**, 16-year-old Cleveland 16-year-old who had never gone past second round in four previous tries, played steady golf to beat faltering Maria Hamilton 5 and 3 for national girls' title at Washington, D.C.



**PFC. VERNON GERN-DORFF**, onetime Wehrmacht U. pitcher, had 14-1 record for 8th Infantry Division's Baumholder Blue Rangers, was voted league's MVP at Bad Kreuznach, Germany. His prize: trip to 1959 World Series.

**ARTHUR WATSON** of New Ceeban, Conn., president of IBM International and a talented skipper, sailed his brother Thomas' 55-foot sloop Polaris to victory in 120-mile Portland (Me.)-Monhegan Island race.



**CARMEN CARRION**, shiny-eyed Ecuador beauty, has good reason to flash her prettiest smile. She was selected from among 25 international glamour girls to reign as Queen of Pan American Games in Chicago.

**TERRY LEVY**, shy, slim 22-year-old student from Monterey Park, Calif., foraged in waters off Malibu (see page 41), came up with 15 fish weighing 186 pounds to win world under-water fishing championship.



**EARL BLACK**, retired Army coach whose football activity this fall will be confined to writing twice-weekly column for A.P., will use proceeds for next \$500 fellowships for players who desire to take graduate studies.

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## BASEBALL'S WEEK

by LES WOODCOCK

#### NATIONAL LEAGUE

The **San Francisco Giants** got the kind of hitting they were supposed to get all along and rolled to their biggest lead of the year (four games). In winning four in a row, Manager Hickey's young bulls banged out 49 hits, had big innings all over the place. Willie McCovey started his second trip around the league and the pitchers still haven't figured him out. He's batting .385 and has averaged an RBI a game.

The **Los Angeles Dodgers** were crippled by more bad pitching. Not one starter was able to finish in 36 straight games; ten of these games were losses. In two weeks the Dodgers had just about dropped out of contention (they fell from a half game out to 4½ games behind). The **Minnesota Braves** lost Wes Covington for the rest of the season (ruptured ligament in right ankle) just when he was starting to bat again. They also lost three more games (Spahn lost one of these starting and one relieving and fell further back—see page 14). "I've racked my brains trying to figure it out," said Manager Hickey. "I've had several meetings with the players in the hope that that might shake them out of it. But nothing seems to work. I told them they should look in the mirror and think to themselves why we aren't winning this time. I've tried everything to get these guys to play like I know they can." The **Pittsburgh Pirates** still aren't getting much hitting. But the pitching has been sound and the team won 10 out of 13 games. Even Bob Friend started to win again. He has two in a row now.

The **Cincinnati Reds**, who are held back only by a weak pitching staff, got encouraging work from two 22-year-old rookies, Jim O'Toole and Jay Hook. Both won well-pitched games last week. "Hook's starting to get confidence," said Manager Huchingson. "That's what he needed."

Frank Robinson and Vida Pinson (see page 15) continued to pound away. Pinson went 11 for 28 and Robby had 12 hits, 10 RBIs and four home runs. The Chicago Cubs stopped cold as Ernie Banks went into a slump. He had only four singles and no RBIs in 29 at bats, and the Cubbies dropped six out of seven. The St. Louis Cardinals lost six out of eight games and just about clinched seventh place. Some good pitching was wasted when the Cards could score only 12 runs in the six losing games. It was a long, hot week for the

**RUNS PRODUCED**

	Home Scored	Team Points Scored	Total Points Produced
<b>AMERICAN LEAGUE</b>			
James Earl (1979)	34	64	148
Robinson Cano (1981)	33	57	140
Tommy Lee (1980)	31	61	132
Manuel Gonzalez (1969)	25	52	127
Charlie Green (1971)	26	55	121
<b>NATIONAL LEAGUE</b>			
Robinson Cano (1980)	39	83	170
Patton Cannon (1966)	110	37	167
Arnes McGinnis (1977)	94	64	158
Tommy Lee (1980)	78	78	156
Walt Lee (1963)	90	56	141

\*Directed by a subcommittee H.M. Jones, N.M.F.

**Philadelphia Phillies.** They played three twi-ght double-headers in as many days, and were lucky to come out with two wins and a tie. As if to emphasize what kind of a season it's been for the Phils, Gene Conley broke a finger while winning a brilliant three-hit game. He won't pitch again this year.

Standings: SF 71 SP Mid 67 56 LA 62 SR Pac 66  
61 Co 63 64 Ch 58 64. Sal 57.20 Pac 52 73

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

The Chicago White Sox pennant chase slowed down to a walk as they lost five out of nine games. "It's the defense I'm fretting over now," said Manager Lopen. "We've been going bad at third base."

Balls have been going through our infield which should have been handled easily. That sort of play can make the pitching look bad." The **Cleveland Indians** run off six in a row when the pitching suddenly became spectacular: Grant, Perry and Harshman all threw three-hitters. Left-hander Jack Harshman, in particular, has given the team a big lift. A flop with the Orioles and Red Sox earlier in the year, he has won three straight games since joining the Indians last month. The Indians are very much alive again. The **New York Yankees**, rehearsing now for next year, inserted 22-year-old Clifton Beyer at short. He teamed with 24-year-old Second Baseman Bobby Richardson to make a powerful double-play combination. Hector Lopez, feeling more at home in left



**HOT SPELL** of hitting was staged by Bob Cerv of the A's and Hector Lopez of the Yanks. Cerv batted .400 and Lopez .444.

held, went off on one of his periodic basting streaks. The **Baltimore Orioles** got tough against the **White Sox** and took two out of three. Then they rolled over for the **Indians** and **Tigers** and dropped into the second division. The **Detroit Tigers** won some, lost some and stayed comfortably in the middle of the league. After Paul Foytack was blasted from the mound within two innings by the **Indians**, he kicked the rosin bag around, flung his glove down repeatedly and threw his cap away. "If you'd get that mad at the batters," said Manager Dykes, "you'd be a better pitcher." The next day he started again against the **Indians** and beat them. Later on the week he used a new side-arm delivery and threw a four-hit shutout.

The **Kansas City Athletics** got a lift from the revived **Bob Cerv**, who pushed his batting average up some 20 points in two weeks but still lost more often than they won. The **Boston Red Sox** have moved along at a winning 520 pace since Billy Jurges took over nearly two months ago; they were playing losing 419 ball at that time. "He juggles us around like Stengel," said Sammy White, "and with just as much success. He makes the right moves at the right time and he's got the club winning." The **Washington Senators** went back to their losing habits after a brief win streak. Flimsy-fielding Rookie Shortstop Zullo Versailles had to be benched after two weeks of play. "Big league pitchers were knocking the bat out of his hands," said Manager Lavagetto.

Standings: Chi 73-46, Clev 73-52, NY 62-62, Det 60-63, Bos 56-62, KC 58-54, Wsh 57-67, Wash 50-78.

### TEAM LEADERS

	Refugees	Monthly	Profits	
AMERICAN LEAGUE				
Chi. Cubs	108	Texas	12 Wayne	(6)
Chi. White Sox	200	Calif.	100 Mich.	10
St. Louis	193	Minn.	24 Ind.	10
Nat. Wandering	123	Tenn.	23 Penn.	13
St. Paul	100	Ill.	10 Pa.	10
Chi. Nuns	117	Ill.	20 Del.	11
N.C. Justice	100	Calif.	10 Del.	11
Wash. Admin.	232	Mich.	20 Pa.	11
NATIONAL LEAGUE				
St. Louis	121	Calif.	15 Mich.	17
St. Paul	121	Calif.	15 Mich.	17
Chi. Cubs	200	Calif.	100 Mich.	10
Chi. White Sox	200	Calif.	100 Mich.	10
St. Louis	193	Minn.	24 Ind.	10
Nat. Wandering	123	Tenn.	23 Penn.	13
St. Paul	100	Ill.	10 Pa.	10
Chi. Nuns	117	Ill.	20 Del.	11
N.C. Justice	100	Calif.	10 Del.	11
Wash. Admin.	232	Mich.	20 Pa.	11

*Beard stationers through Saturday, August 27*

### STARTS OF THE SEASON

[illegible]

## COMING EVENTS

August 28 to September 1  
30 hours of R.T.T.

• Color illustration • Johnson • Nelson and others

### Friday, August 28

- BASEBALL**  
• Milwaukee at Chicago, 2:30 p.m. Mutual
- BOXING**  
• Rosten vs. Patterson, middle title bout, 11 o'clock, San Francisco, 10 p.m. NBC
- PAN AMERICAN GAMES**  
• Rowing, canoe triathlon, men and women, triathlon & hold, men and women, weight lifting, Chicago
- TENNIS**  
• Dittmer-Fight College Round, Fox Wildlife, N.Y. through Aug. 30, NBC-TV, Aug. 29 and 30

### Saturday, August 29

- BASEBALL**  
• New York at Washington, 1:55 p.m. NBC  
• Chicago at St. Louis, 3:55 p.m. CBS  
• Baltimore at Boston, 3:55 p.m. Mutual
- FOOTBALL**  
• St. Louis vs. Oakland, 4:00 p.m. Detroit
- FOOTBALL**  
• New York at Detroit, ABC
- FOOTBALL**  
• Chicago at Houston, NBC  
• Chicago at Los Angeles, NBC  
• Los Angeles at Philadelphia, NBC
- HORSE RACING**  
• Arlington Park, \$100,000, Washington at Arlington Park, Ill.  
• The Hopeful, \$75,000, Saratoga, N.Y. 1:00 p.m. (local)
- PAN AMERICAN GAMES**  
• Rowing, canoe triathlon, men and women, triathlon & hold, men and women, weight lifting, Chicago

### Sunday, August 30

- BASEBALL**  
• Philadelphia at Pittsburgh, 12:55 p.m. NBC  
• Chicago at Cleveland, 1:55 p.m. CBS  
• Baltimore at Boston, 3 p.m. Mutual
- FOOTBALL**  
• Oakland at San Francisco
- PAN AMERICAN GAMES**  
• Rowing, canoe triathlon, men and women, triathlon & hold, men and women, weight lifting, Chicago

### Monday, August 31

- BOXING**  
• Nicks vs. Junior National, Newton, Conn.
- HORSE RACING**  
• The Hopeful, \$75,000, Saratoga, N.Y. 1:00 p.m. (local)
- PAN AMERICAN GAMES**  
• Rowing, canoe triathlon, men and women, triathlon & hold, men and women, weight lifting, Chicago

### Tuesday, September 1

- BOXING**  
• Nicks vs. Junior National, Newton, Conn.
- HORSE RACING**  
• The Hopeful, \$75,000, Saratoga, N.Y. 1:00 p.m. (local)
- PAN AMERICAN GAMES**  
• Rowing, canoe triathlon, men and women, triathlon & hold, men and women, weight lifting, Chicago

### Wednesday, September 2

- BOXING**  
• Nicks vs. Junior National, Newton, Conn.
- HORSE RACING**  
• The Hopeful, \$75,000, Saratoga, N.Y. 1:00 p.m. (local)
- PAN AMERICAN GAMES**  
• Rowing, canoe triathlon, men and women, triathlon & hold, men and women, weight lifting, Chicago

### Thursday, September 3

- FOOTBALL**  
• Oakland at San Francisco
- FOOTBALL**  
• New York at Detroit, ABC
- FOOTBALL**  
• Chicago at Houston, NBC
- FOOTBALL**  
• Los Angeles at Philadelphia, NBC
- HORSE RACING**  
• The Hopeful, \$75,000, Saratoga, N.Y. 1:00 p.m. (local)
- PAN AMERICAN GAMES**  
• Rowing, canoe triathlon, men and women, triathlon & hold, men and women, weight lifting, Chicago

\* See back page



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# MEET MR. X

**His FBI Number is 4817958, and he is the only man tied to the noisome Patterson-Johansson fight promotion who has yet to tell the D.A. and the grand jury his story**

by GILBERT ROGIN

THE JOWLY mug shot on the opposite page is of Mr. X. Mr. X is the underworld character (FBI No. 4817958) who has figured in baffling absentia in New York District Attorney Frank S. Hogan's investigation of the fast shuffling and double-dealing behind the promotion of the Floyd Patterson-Ingemar Johansson title fight, an unsavory chronicle first revealed in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* three weeks ago.

From that story of how he got progressively elbowed out of his own company, Rosensohn Enterprises, Inc., Promoter Bill Rosensohn suppressed, at the request of the D.A., one bad actor—Mr. X. There is no longer any reason to conceal him or his cloak-and-influence role.

Mr. X is Anthony Salerno (alias Anthony Russo) of New York, Miami Beach and Rhinebeck, N.Y. Salerno rose to the white-on-white eminence coveted by contemporary tough guys out of East Harlem's celebrated 102nd Street Gang, whose rank file also included Trigger Mike Coppola, Vin-

cent (Jimmy Blue Eyes) Alo, Joey Rao and Frankie Carbo. He is known as Tony Fat to such pals as Coppola, the notorious Detroit hood Joe Massey (or Massei) and Joe (Scarface) Bonmarito, whom he has meets with on the Beach (where he maintains a residence at 12 Island Ave., Belle Isle, Apartment 15). Tony Fat, born in The Bronx 48 years ago, is fat (5 feet 6 inches, 234 pounds), and Tony Fat smokes crooked, black cigars.

Tony Fat lives high, though his means of support are indefinite. He once ran a supposedly legitimate jukebox service known as Metro Urban Co. (228 First Ave., New York) but sold out in 1950. The Miami Dade Office shows that in 1954 he sold a house in Miami Beach to sinister ex-con Paul (The Waiter) Riecca for \$75,000, and it is also said that he books horse bets. He has a large, attractive house in Rhinebeck replete with stables and outbuildings.

In keeping with Tony's arrivist station, his 16-year-old daughter takes riding lessons. She calls the hoods who guard her daddy "Uncle," and once she told a friend that Uncle So-and-So was doing a lot of target shooting in the backyard.

One of Tony's favorite hangouts

is The Playroom on New York's West 58th St., where he is seen with the "uncles" and a moll named Jessica.

Tony's record isn't much longer than his pudgy thumb. He was picked up on a vagrancy charge on the Beach in 1947, was arrested as a suspicious person in Providence in 1945 and was charged with a policy offense in New York in 1933. But the Miami Crime Commission knows him as "a Sicilian underworld character with jukebox connections in New York." New York knows him as an East Harlem policy baron. The FBI knows him as one of the top East Harlem mobsters. And Bill Rosensohn knew him as a one-third partner in Rosensohn Enterprises, Inc.

Rosensohn originally met Salerno in the company of Gambler Gil Beckley. Some months later, when Salerno declared himself in as a partner, Rosensohn accepted him for two major reasons: he promised to make money available to the promotion (it turned out, ironically, that he never put up any cash except to buy a substantial block of \$100 tickets) and he had close contacts with such useful and influential figures as Cus D'Amato's good friend and confidant, Charley Black. In order to promote the fight it was paramount that Rosensohn remain in D'Amato's good graces. Toward this end he had already accepted Black as a partner.

When Salerno announced that he was a partner in Rosensohn Enterprises, he made it clear that he could

continued

ANTHONY SALERNO is wanted by the New York District Attorney for questioning, but the word going around the underworld is that Tony Fat is "on vacation."

not afford to have his name publicly involved. He said he needed to be represented in the promotion by a legitimate guy and introduced Rosensohn to his friend, Vincent J. Velella, a fellow East Harlemite who is a lawyer and politician. Velella, then, was Salerno's front.

What is, in essence, quite a simple story has been obscured in the public mind by a barrage of obfuscating claims and counterclaims. Rosensohn, in his desperate anxiety to promote the fight, saddled himself with an unavowable alliance. When those allies turned on him and sought to oust him—rashly inviting exposure of themselves and their manipulations—Rosensohn decided to cooperate with the authorities and told most of the sordid story to the public via this magazine.

Rosensohn was wrong in accepting Tony Fat as a partner; this action came under his own somewhat euphemistic heading of "compromising." But credit where credit is due. It has not been sufficiently brought out that it was Rosensohn himself who cooperated with District Attorney Hogan and made possible not only Hogan's investigation but the resultant investigation of the New York attorney general and the New York State Athletic Commission.

Both Rosensohn and Velella have appeared before the New York grand

jury investigating boxing. Rosensohn says: "There seem to be several versions of one story. It is a question of who is telling the truth and who is lying. Basically it's a question of credibility between Velella and myself in regard to the events leading up to the fight." Presumably, Rosensohn is telling his version of his business arrangements with Tony Fat and Velella to the grand jury, while Velella is contradicting or denying it.

It is indeed a sorry world if it is necessary for a promoter to carry such monkeys as Salerno on his back in order to put on a prizefight. But there is no inherent reason why boxing cannot throw the monkeys off. If the confessions of Rosensohn do not provide the authorities with ample evidence of precisely what is wrong with the fight business and how that wrong can be corrected, then this boxing scandal will have achieved nothing but headlines.

"Consistent with my policy of engaging capable men above reproach," grandiloquently announced Vincent J. Velella last week in Jack Dempsey's restaurant in New York, "our friend Jack Dempsey is to become promotional adviser for Rosensohn Enterprises."

"Business has been lousy all summer, anyway," muttered Dempsey behind his cigar.

Thus the latest, frantic move of the palace guard which usurped from

Rosensohn the virtually assetless company which bears his name was made public. Velella and Irving B. Kahn (punchy president of Tele-Prompter and newly elected director of Enterprises) has engaged the old Champ Jack Dempsey "I feel it's time to do something for boxing," said Jack. "I think Mr. Velella is all right" for a publicised \$500 a week in a grandstand attempt to persuade Ingemar Johansson to defend his title against Floyd Patterson on Sept. 22. Or, as Irving B. sweetly added: "If he wants to move it up, we certainly will negotiate."

#### A CLOUD OF PRESS RELEASES

And thus armed with a return-hout contract of questionable strength and the platitudinous presence of the old heavyweight champ, Kahn, Velella, Edwin S. Schweig (D'Amato's lawyer) and a public relations man flew to Sweden in a cloud of press releases to tackle the tiger, Ingemar.

By a curiously circuitous route, the Argonauts flew to London first (the best way to get to Göteborg is via Copenhagen) and chanced, by a curious coincidence, to get seats on the same plane to Sweden as Ingemar. Johansson, ostensibly, had been in England for a personal appearance, but his real mission might well have been to have a chat with James D. Norris, Truman Gibson and Promoter Jack Solomons, who were said to be in London. Norris had arrived earlier



KAHN, DEMPSEY AND VELELLA AWAIT FLIGHT TO SWEDEN TO TALK WITH JOHANSSON



ROSENSOHN, WITH POLICE ESCORT EDWARD



in the week and, not so curiously or coincidentally, had a chat with Rosensohn before he returned to New York, a chat which was a prearranged follow-up to the Paris summit meeting (SI, Aug. 17).

When Dempsey and Johansson et al. landed in Sweden, Dempsey piously announced, "My mission here is to clear up this mess and make the fight game an honest business."

But once in Goteborg, the comic-opera trappings were shed. As Monday's sun sank over the Slottsskogen the following developments seemed to have come out of the conference room: Johansson has agreed to fight Patterson for Rosensohn (read Velella) Enterprises, perhaps in Philadelphia or Los Angeles. Kahn and Velella want an October or November date, but Ingo is holding out for 1960. Apparently, then, all of Ingemar's hoary objections—a satisfactory accounting of his monies from the first fight; the unwelcome specter of Harry Davidow, the 10<sup>th</sup> American manager foisted on him by D'Amato; his personal distrust of Kahn and Velella—were satisfactorily overcome. What remains to be seen, however, is whether any responsible athletic commission will approve of Rosensohn Enterprises as a promoter.

Like the Owl and Pussy-cat, Kahn and Velella departed with "honey and plenty of money." Those, evidently, were sufficient to coax the wary tiger out of his den. **ENO**



DEMPSEY AND JOHANSSON WALK TO PLANE IN LONDON EN ROUTE TO GOTEBOG



WRIGHT, TALKS TO REPORTER IN NEW YORK

GAMBLER GI Beckley was present when Rosensohn first met Tony Fat Salerno.



HOOGLUM Frankie Carbo was questioned by the attorney general on the title fight





SAM JONES'S GRIM DETERMINATION AND WICKED CURVE GAVE GIANTS ONE WIN

## BAD ONE

FOR CHAMPIONS, 1959 has become a nightmare. First, the hopes of the Yankees went down the drain. Last week the Braves had a chance to stop their slide and failed.

When a pennant race, particularly such a hotly contested one as exists in the National League these days, reaches an advanced stage, it is almost too late to expect others to do your work for you. To win, a team must beat the other contenders itself. And this was the opportunity which Milwaukee faced: trailing the Giants by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  games and the Dodgers by one game, the Braves invited both teams into their parlor for five games in four days. A sweep would have sent the Braves surging to the top; even four victories would have knotted things up in a ball. But the Braves couldn't win even three.

In each series they started out well. They beat Los Angeles in the first game of a double-header behind Bob Buhl, making it seem easy, 8-1. But

DODGERS' DON DRYSDALE POURS HIS FAST BALL PAST HENRY AARON



INABILITY OF MILWAUKEE SLUGGERS TO HIT WITH



# FOR THE BRAVES

Blowing an opportunity to gain in the pennant race, Milwaukee lost three games to the Giants and Dodgers in four hectic days

Johns Podres' fine relief pitching stopped them in the second, 4-1, for Milwaukee's 19th one-run defeat of the year. The next day the Braves lost No. 20 when the Dodgers won 7-6 in 13 innings.

On Wednesday, Lew Burdette won his 17th game, a comfortable 5-2 victory over the Giants, and again Milwaukee hopes soured. But then Sam Jones outpitched Warren Spahn, Willie McCovey hit a home run and the Braves lost again, 5-3. They also lost Wes Covington, who injured an ankle, for the rest of the year.

After that, the Braves turned into tigers again, walloping the Cubs three straight. But the Giants were breezing past the Phillies, and Milwaukee found itself at week's end even further behind the Giants than before. The Braves are not going to win another pennant by beating the Cubs. It is the Giants and Dodgers they must host, and last week they failed.

—ROY TERRELL



AGONIZED CONCERN of Braves' brass as lefty Osmer Pezzo and Vice-President Tebbetts leaping to their feet like any other fan to witness our close play at home plate.

... MEN ON BASE WAS VITAL. HIGH, TIGHT FAST BALL GETS JOE ADCOCK



... AND PUZZLING CHANGEUP FOOLS MATHEWS



# PAN AMERICANS IN CHICAGO

**Pretty girls, handsome boys  
and a cheerful dispute about  
shorts lives a big sports gale**

FROM Lake Michigan west to the town of Hinsdale, where equestrian teams sent their mounts over jump after jump, northwest to Portage Park, where swimmers and divers plunged into the brand-new Olympic-size pools, southwest to the Cal-Sag

Canal, where commercial shipping was allowed to avoid ramming the rowers, Chicago and its suburbs teemed with a fascinating cross-section of humanity—2,162 athletes from 24 Western Hemisphere countries, male and female, tall and short, light and dark. They were in town for the Pan American Games, which start this Thursday and continue through Labor Day. They spoke English, Spanish, Portuguese. They wielded sabres, three discuses, rode bikes and had fun

as they worked themselves into shape.

With competition not yet begun, even the disputes were relaxed. Some U.S. girls complained that their uniform shorts were too tight, that they couldn't compete in them. But different-size shorts were traded around, an emergency order went out for replacements, everybody smiled, and the teapot tempest died away.

Busiest spot in town was Stagg Field at the University of Chicago, where world-record holders like Shot-putter Parry O'Brien will work out. U.S. Pole Vaulter Don Bragg spent more time coaching and helping his foreign rivals than he did in perfecting his own skills. Brazil's Adhemar Ferreira da Silva, a sort of universal ambassador (see page 34), served as a catalyst between English-speaking and Latin-speaking groups. And Bill Nieder, who missed making the U.S. team, was on a busman's holiday, learning how to high-jump ("just for fun") and having a ball teaching pretty girls how to put the shot

—MARY SNOW



**SHORT SHORTS** bothered some pretty U.S. girl track stars who said tight uniforms (above) were uncomfortable. But Brazilian Volleyballer Hilda Lanson (opposite page) didn't seem to mind, enjoyed shot-put lesson from Bill Nieder while grinning Pole Vault Star Don Bragg kibitzed.

Photographs by Art Shoy



## SPECTACLE

*Photographed by Richard Meek*

# Lincoln Drove a Buggy Here, Too

AS THE STARTING GATE folds its wings and speeds off, harness racing's premier event of the year, the Hambletonian, gets under way. Appropriately, the setting for this classic of a sport wholly American in its origin is the U.S. heartland—the lush, level prairie of southern Illinois. Here, where Abe Lincoln once acted as judge of horse races and drove his homemade buggy on the Illinois legal circuit, the finest of our 3-year-old trotters and their drivers gather each year to discover who is best. This worthy inquiry is conducted before an audience composed, for the most part, of rural folk, who are admirably equipped to gauge the quality of horse-flesh. In addition, trotting aficionados from all over the nation help to swell the throng. Hosts for the occasion are the brothers Gene and Don Hayes, Coca-Cola suppliers to the area and owners of both the superb track and the magnificent surrounding fairgrounds. On those grounds, concurrent with the week of racing which features the Hambletonian, the Hayeses also present their annual Du Quoin State Fair, a vast and colorful spectacle that includes blooded-cattle competitions, taffy pulls and Hollywood stage shows. The race itself, as the following scenes from last year's competition show, is always hard-fought, with trotters and drivers achieving the peak efforts toward which they have pointed all season. To win, a trotter must twice show his heels to the field in mile heats. If different horses win the first two heats, a third heat is run. If a third horse wins that one, the three winners are brought together in a fourth heat. For the eventual winner, therefore, it is often a long afternoon. When it is over, however, there is seldom any doubt as to who is the best 3-year-old trotting horse in the U.S. Last year's champion was a lady, a dark beauty named Emily's Pride who skipped lightly over the track surface like a gay young girl on a polished ballroom floor. Next Wednesday, Sept. 2, we will know who has succeeded her.

## 'GO'

The traditional call of the starter sends the field of 3-year-olds away at Du Quoin on Hambletonian Day, in quest of brightest jewel in trotting's Triple Crown



# ALL OUT

Straining in the stretch, the Hambletonian field spreads wide as drivers search for racing room in the last critical yards and the paddock watchers fan out across the track









## PAYOFF

Shirtsleeved, horse-wise fans (above), typical of Du Quoin, urge trotters across finish line. Flanked by decorative honor guard (below), Driver Flick Nipe accepts victory honors



# EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

## A Touch of Genius

His service, with its short swing, was strikingly effective. His volley dispatched the ball forthwith and his lob was disconcerting. Moderate in his hitting, he consistently sought and found unreachable terrain to score or extract the error."

Who was the subject of this high tennis praise from *New York Times* Sportswriter Allison Danzig? None other than *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s own Contributing Editor William Talbert, whose preview of the Davis Cup matches appears on page 56. Talbert, a veteran who is only a drop shot away from 41 and who up to a few weeks ago had played no grass-court tournament tennis for a year, proved how well he knows the sport he writes when he teamed with young John Lesch to go to the quarter-finals in the National Doubles at Brookline, Mass., before bowing to the tournament finalists, Alex Olmedo and Earl Buchholz Jr.

It was the straight set defeat of British Davis Cuppers Bobby Wilson and Tony Pickard in the third round which led Danzig to call Bill's tennis "a marvelous exhibition of tactical play."

"There was a touch of genius to Talbert's return of service," wrote the *Timesman* of his *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* colleague and competitor, "and he constantly baffled the opposition with his ripostes."

## Fisherman's Luck

IN the Quebec village of St. Siméon, whose water supply was recently tied in to a well-stocked mountain lake, housewives have complained about hot-and-cold running trout in their kitchens sinks. We don't know if William Zeckendorf, the mil-

lionaire real estate man, has considered this as a possible luxury feature for the \$66 million hotel he is building in mid-Manhattan, but we do know that he has some fancy ideas about privately raised trout. Zeckendorf's 70-acre estate on Long Island Sound boasts an eight-acre man-made lake so well stocked with fish

as to provide an angler's paradise. What's more, the trout are all happily thriving in salt water.

"I thought," says Zeckendorf cheerfully, "it would be fun to experiment, so I put 5,000 brook, brown and rainbow trout in the salt-water lake this spring, and they're doing

*continued*



*Ausloffe's Harry Hopman: "Come on now, kids, let's get that cup right side up again."*

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

very well, not bothered by the salt a bit, except that their skins are getting a little darker and they may not be able to breed."

He was standing at the time on a narrow bank separating the salt lake from a fresh-water pond, and he promptly picked up a rod and baited the hook with a minnow. "First, I'll show you how the fresh-water fish bite around here," he said, casting into the pond. Within seconds the bait was taken and he landed a three-and-a-half-pound largemouth bass. "Easy, isn't it?" he chuckled.

Zeckendorf walked to the other side of the bank, putting a worm on the hook as he went. "Now," said the hotel man, "we'll get ourselves a salt-water trout. The lake is full of them." He pointed with the rod. "See that spillway? The lake is higher than the sound, so we get the last two hours of the tide. It comes in over the spillway and gives us clean water. I've got a wire netting there that's small enough to keep the trout from swimming out, but big enough to let in food."

He whipped the rod, and the line snapped through the air; he reeled it in slowly, waiting for the strike. It didn't come and he cast again. Small beads of perspiration broke out on his face and trickled down his neck. On the fourth try he played the line carefully, felt a small tug. "Ah, he's taking it. He's taking it," he said. Quickly, he set the hook and reeled in his catch. "Oh my golly," he laughed, "it's an eel. . . . I've got an eel!" He dumped the squirming creature into a handy pail, looked down at his watch, then looked out regret-

fully over the lake. There was a moment or two of complete silence. "I'm sorry," busy Bill Zeckendorf said finally, "but I have an appointment coming up. I guess you'll have to take my word the trout are in there."

It pleases us to take Bill Zeckendorf's word for it, but it pleases us even more to know that a man who



controls a multimillion-dollar corporation and builds his own lake can have troubles landing his trout—just like the rest of us.

### Mike Fright

MUSCULAR Mike Souchak, who has caused financial dismay in the ranks of touring golf professionals so far this year by winning \$46,000, let slip some information which may scare those of the next generation's prospective pros old enough to read.

Fresh from his eye-opening 69-63-67-69 win in the Motor City Open (a victory for which big Mike gives much credit to a waist-trimming diet), the ex-Duke football player confided that there's another golfing Souchak: Mike Jr.

At age 5 Mike Jr. has already worn out one set of clubs and is using the second to hit the ball 50 yards at a

shot. This may be even a better beginning than he had, Mike Sr. admitted to an Atlantic Coast conference of football coaches and sportswriters. "I was playing at the age of 5 too," said Mike. "But my brother John, who was a pro in Pennsylvania, used to give me only one club at a time."

"One day he'd hand me a seven iron. He'd make me play for three or four weeks using only that stick. Then I'd get a driver, and again I'd play the entire course for weeks at a time." By the time Mike was 10, and presumably using several clubs, he could break 80. Mike Jr. has five years to top Dad's record and, to hear his father tell it, the boy might just do it at that.

### 'It's a Bug'

EACH WEEKDAY Terry Lentz rose with the Monterey Park, Calif. sun, drove 45 minutes to school, attended classes till 5 p.m., supped hastily and worked in a grocery store till after 10. This left only weekends, "when beaches are most crowded and other spearfishermen follow you around to see the best spots," for Terry to practice his favorite sport. But Terry made the best of it, and that best proved good enough last week to enable him to win the World Underwater Fishing Championships at Malta. During seven hours of diving in the Mediterranean, Terry collected such a variety of underwater prey that the Italians, who won in 1954, '55 and '57, and the reigning French champions held their breath in awe.

The U.S. had never before competed in the world championships and the team made the trip this year only because of the enthusiasm of a roaring, stumping lion of a man named Gustav Della Valle, who looks like a cross between Tarzan and Toscanini. Valle managed to raise enough money to send Terry and three other American divers to Malta. Few gave them much chance to win, and the Italians laughed aloud when they saw Floridian Don Del Monico's Hawaiian sling—a hollow bamboo tube fitted with a piece of surgical rubber—which Don used in preference to a conventional spear gun. Incensed, Don fitted the sling with a

## They Said It

**JOHN CUDMORE**, assistant football coach at Southern Methodist University, on SMU Quarterback Don Meredith: "If anything happens to Meredith, we'll have to change our offense. We'll resort to the confused T with the unbalanced coach in motion."

**MURRAY ROSE**, Australian swim star and 400-meter Olympic freestyle champion, after visiting Japan: "Japanese girls are far more attractive than Western women, who are so bold you'd think they've experienced all there is in life. Japanese girls have a very sensitive and reassuring quality. I would very much like to marry one."

quarter-inch steel spear, drew back and in true Homeric style sent it flying through one wooden door, across a room and through a second door. The Italians gaped.

They also gaped when Terry Lents presented his catch: six groupers and nine smaller fish, totaling 106 pounds. Terry swept the field for individual honors even though the Americans as a team came in behind Spain and Italy. Now his only worry is about the future. "When you become a skin-diver," he says, "it can make a mess of any plans you have for a career. Plenty of good guys have blown plenty of good jobs because of skin-diving. It's a bug. I'll probably end up as a freeman like Don Del Monico . . . 24 hours working, then 48 hours off for fishing."

### Otto and the Night Visitors

THE natural-born enemy of the starling is man. The natural-born friend of man, who must perforce share his trees, his TV antennae and his suburban peace with nightly droves of gabby, untidy starlings, is Otto D. Standke, The Bird Man. By his own admission, Otto is the most persistent, dedicated and resourceful foe it was ever a starling's lot to meet.



And last week, for a \$4,000 fee (contingent upon success), he was in New York City's starling-infested suburb, Mount Vernon, to prove it.

For 50 trying years Mount Vernon's town fathers despaired of solving their starling problem, but Otto Standke and his "copyrighted, proves method" of dispensing the clubby birds have given them new hope. "I got my fill of starlings out in Great Bend, Kans. 10 years ago," said Otto, a vigorous, wizened little man of 71½ years. "There are 230 elm trees in the six-acre park there, and every summer they used to fill up with starlings. The city got the idea they could scare



"Good riddance."

'em off with aluminum owls, but I told them they couldn't. So they went ahead anyhow and spent \$1,500 on those owls, and the starlings liked 'em so much they took to roosting on their heads." Outraged, Taxpayer Standke captured 24 Kansas starlings, put them in a barn and for two months carefully studied their habits. "Before long, I knew all about them birds," says Otto. "And I didn't learn anything from any tomfool books and I wasn't guessing. The next year when the starlings came, I went out and cleared that park of every one of them, and they haven't been back since." Nor, says The Bird Man, have any blankety-blank starlings returned to perches they occupied in Louisville, Wichita and Indianapolis before being shoed away by Standke. The remarkable fact is that responsible officials in these cities bear him out.

How, asked good burghers of Mount Vernon (and a score of reporters), did he do it? "I do it," said

Otto, "with a secret method that I ain't going to talk about. People ask me to chase birds and I chase 'em, but I didn't come 2,000 miles to tell you how it's done. You don't think a man who's as old as I am and has a secret worth half a million is going to blab it all away, do you? No, sir, not The Bird Man. I don't hurt them, but when I chase starlings, they stay chased. I can drive 'em out of one tree and into another if I want to. I can drive 'em out of Cleveland and into Cincinnati if I want to. I can do anything with 'em because I know all about 'em, that's my secret."

That, of course, was only part of his secret, Otto amended. The rest, he said, was in a gray metal box, eight inches square and 24 inches long, fastened shut by two padlocks. And it would stay locked, vowed The Bird Man, whenever there were prying eyes around trying to see inside. A girl reporter shook the box and said

*continued*

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

its contents sounded to her like a fist-size rock bedded down in some dry Kansas dirt. "Anything you can see," said Otto, plainly relishing the wonderment on all sides, "is merely for show and to make monkeys of all them fellas who hang around watching me while I work."

And with these fateful words, The Bird Man went to work on his enemies. Leaving the double-locked box at his hotel ("There'll be too many monkeys out there a-looking at me"), he fairly raced up and down the streets of Mount Vernon, banging together two aluminum paddles and, on occasion, plinking a metal pipe suspended around his neck by a woven cotton rope. Clang, blang, twang went Otto D. Standke, probing the darkening back yards and driveways over which the starlings slumbered. Chatter, screech, whirr went the birds, put to flight from their bending branches. And while children and grownups alike traipsed along behind, breathless at the exhausting pace, Otto denounced the whole shebang: "All this noise-making and carrying on ain't got a thing to do with chasing starlings; I do it because it's a good show."

After three nights of this procedure, neither the starlings (whose numbers had not appreciably diminished) nor the people of Mount Vernon could make out whether The Bird Man was a wizard, a spellbinder or an outright charlatan. But one thing seemed clear. Faced with the continuing nuisance of pesky, defiling birds, the solace-seeking suburbanites of a neurotic century are willing to try almost anything—or anybody—that offers them peace.

### *The International Approach*

THREE HUNDRED representatives from 38 countries arrived in Helsinki, Finland this month to hold six days of cool (Helsinki temperatures 57° to 68°, a brochure advised) conference on a hot and difficult topic: the role of sports and physical education in the complex world today.

Jointly sponsored by the Finnish government and UNESCO (the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization), the meet-

ing, officially called the International Conference on the Contribution of Sports to the Improvement of Professional Abilities and to Cultural Development, had set itself a task as tough to encompass as its name. To no one's surprise the conference failed to come up with any very clear ideas. It concluded in a vague way that sport can contribute to health, relieve boredom for industrial workers, improve their reflexes and enable them to escape some of the frustration of factory life. (UNESCO was urged to assist in an international exchange of information in this sociological field.)

They skated so cautiously over the thin ice of international relations and discriminatory practices that nearly a week passed before a Pakistan resolution condemning political discrimination in sports finally won approval. And the heady question of the relationship between sport and culture was not moved much further forward by the thinkers at Helsinki than it had been by the ancient Greeks.

The importance of the conference, however, lay not in its resolutions, but in its implicit recognition that sport in the broadest sense is becoming an increasingly vital aspect of the lives of all peoples—something well worthy of the attention of an international conference. Delegates from 38 nations were on hand and the fact

that only one U.S. delegate attended was noted by all the rest with raised eyebrows. Great Britain sent five delegates, Russia eight.

Out of the Helsinki meeting came plans for a full-fledged "International Council of Sport and Physical Education," with an organization meeting set for September 1960 in Rome. Meanwhile, the delegates were left to muse over the closing remarks of Professor A. Davis Munrow of the University of Birmingham, England, whose comment on the proper sporting mood is worthy of consideration by sportsmen everywhere.

"For adult sport to make a real contribution to a culture pattern," said the professor, "it has to retain in it some of the characteristics of childish play—when it is fun it is never merely flippant, when it is serious it is never over tense, it is pervaded with an air of complete enlistment without the characteristics of obsession."

### *Lapse at Lord's*

IN this indecane age of nuclear power, mechanized ease and crude pragmatism, there are few places where an English gentleman can still find the graceful amenities of a bygone day. One of them is the cricket ground at Lord's.

The members' pavilion at Lord's (which was named after a lordly but not titled Mr. Lord more than a century ago) is tougher to get into than Eton, and the average waiting period is more than 10 years. One sweltering day last week, the 145-year-old gentility of Lord's was brutally shattered when some 30 cricket fans in what amounted to Lord's bleachers took off their shirts and sat watching the play in bare and hairy chests.

There was no real trouble. When an attendant was despatched to inform the half-nude offenders that numerous English ladies were seriously threatened with the vapors at the ghastly sight, the culprits hastily covered themselves again. But despite the heavy sarcasm, humor and amusement evidenced in the English press, most proper Englishmen realized with a pang that Lord's would never be quite the same again.



### *Nomenclature*

In baseball's never-never land  
A place to sit is called a stand.  
And in the baseball czar's domain  
A nitcheck never checks the rain.

—HARVEY L. CARTER

**SPORTS EVENT**

**2**

**KING LOUIE  
BOWLING SHIRTS**

**MADE EVER BRIGHT  
NEVER FADING WITH**

**COURTAULDS' FIBER**

**COLORAY**

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## THE SPORTS WORLD LOOKS TO DADDY

NOMBODY ASKED Bernie Baruch's advice about anything on his 89th birthday last week. But the kind of yearning for what the psychiatrists call a "father figure" which has long sent reporters scurrying to Baruch's knees at every world crisis was more than apparent on the sporting scene.

A new and untried departure in big-time baseball sought reassurance in the craggy visage of 77-year-old Branch Rickey, who, many years ago, revolutionized the major leagues by perfecting the modern farm system, and last week took on the presidency of the new Continental League.

Then there were the round, ruddy, benevolent features of old Jim Farley, the venerable Democrat, who, for no better reason than his mellow elder statesmanship, was appointed by Republican Governor Rockefeller to the New York State harness racing commission, legislated into being after the scandals of the reign of Commissioner George Monaghan.

Finally there was the fine time-worn and time-honored face of Jack Dempsey, which, at 64, was being used as a reassuring cover for the far less confidence-inspiring features of some boxing newcomers.

PROMOTERS RAID WAXWORKS FOR FRONT MEN, ran a headline, but that was a little unkind; the father figures in the news last week were far from wax images. But they were plainly placed in public view to inspire confidence by reputation in an atmosphere fraught with doubt and uncertainty and even a little distrust.

On the face of it, these venerated figures seemed to have taken on monumental tasks, and we heartily wish that they were all young enough to accomplish them. Yet it is impossible to avoid the feeling that they represent not a real hope but a tendency to substitute symbol for the reality of the work to be done. As the Scripps-Howard columnist Joe Williams observed, what the third league needs is the equivalent of Rickey's work 30 years ago, and what boxing needs is the Jack Dempsey of that great fighter's thrilling prime.

ENO



BRANCH RICKEY, AT 77, POINTS TO THE FUTURE



JACK DEMPSEY, 64, SAYS ALL'S WELL



PATRIARCHAL JIM FARLEY, AT 71, LENDS DIGNITY TO ALMOST ANY SPORT HE ATTENDS



AGELESS BERNIE BARUCH, WHO IS 89, RADIATES REASSURANCE FROM HIS PARK BENCH

## WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

### THE BEST OF BOYHOOD

From most of their 9 years of life, Peter Thompson and Steve Long, who live in suburbs south of Los Angeles, have listened with unabashed yearning when adults talked of camping out. This year the grown-ups took them along. Led by Peter's uncle, the boys rode horseback into ethereally beautiful country around Big McGee Lake, southeast of Yosemite, a land of sunlit mountain meadows, busy beaver ponds and noisy, fish-filled streams. Best of all, their classic adventure gave Steve's father, Photographer George Long, an opportunity to snap these classic studies of the best of boyhood.

PETER'S FIRST FINE CATCH IS CALMLY EXHIBITED



FIRST RIDE FINDS BOYS WARY OF WILDERNESS AND LONG DISTANCE



HOW TO BREAK AN EGG IS DEMONSTRATED BY STEVE IN HIS



TO THE GROUND, BUT HORSES COULD FIND THE TRAIL BLINDFOLDED



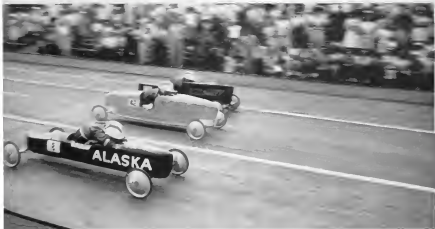
A CLEAN FACE is Steve's aim after a great day fishing mountain stream between Big McGee and Little McGee.



FIRST ATTEMPT TO COOK



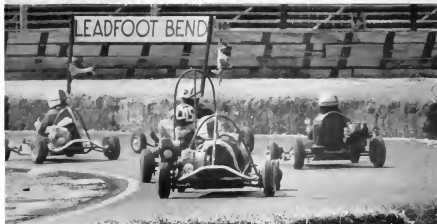
SEASONED CAMPERS AT LAST. PETER AND STEVE ENJOY CAMPFIRE WARMTH WITH UNCLE BILL



HELMETED HEADS BENT LOW, YOUNG SOAPBOX DAREDEVILS FREEWHEEL BY AS SPECTATORS LINE THE SPEEDWAY LANES

## TOT HOT RODDERS USE GAS & GRAVITY

It was a summer of kids gleefully on the go as children across the nation sought top speeds from vehicles ranging from boy-built Soapbox Derby cars (above) using gravity as the power plant to gasoline-engine, chain-driven cars (below), which were beginning to cause



LEARNING YOUNG ARE THESE SPEEDING 8-TO-13-YEAR-OLDS, WHOSE CARS ARE LIMITED TO SPEED OF 35 MPH IN COMPETITION



PHOTOGRAPHER JUNEBUG CLARK IS SHAPPED BY HIS FATHER, AND IN TURN SHAPS HIGH-RIDING WINNER, BARNEY TOWNSEND

official concern as they zipped around new tracks at speeds approaching 70 mph. The Soapbox season reached its peak at Akron, where 60,000 saw 170 winners of regional competitions vie for top prizes totaling \$15,000 in college scholarships in the Chevrolet-sponsored 22nd

Soapbox championships. On the same day 6-to-12-year-olds were getting fatherly advice at Allentown, Pa. on how to pull through Leadfoot Bend, where the proper body sway could save a race for the smart driver of a lethal one-cylinder, 2<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>-hp, rear-drive racing machine.



CRAMPED QUARTERS ON A TIGHT TURN CALL FOR GROWN-UP RACING SKILL

# THE TRIPLE JUMPER FROM BRAZIL

He sings, he studies, he's a two-time Olympic winner.

He's a rare, fascinating man

by GEORGE DE CARVALHO

**I**N a small working-class Rio de Janeiro home last week, a honey-skinned, hazel-eyed housewife named Elza Ferreira da Silva, packing her husband's suitcases, slipped scribbled notes, written in Portuguese, into his shoes, into his socks, into his pockets—notes that read "There's room on the shelf for another trophy" or "Bring back a medal for the kids" or simply "Win for me—love, Elza."

SMILING WIFE Elza Ferreira da Silva calls Adhemar "my world champion husband."

Now in Chicago for the 1958 Pan American Games, Brazil's Adhemar Ferreira da Silva gets a wifely boost with every change of socks. Judging by his past record he will go ahead to win—for Elza and Brazil—his off-beat, exacting, athletic specialty: the hop, step and jump—the longest leap in sports.

Known to all Brazil as Kangaroo, the lithe, long-legged Adhemar is probably the finest natural hop-step-and-jumper ever born. The first time he ever tried it he did 37 feet 5 inches. He's won the event in the last two Olympics, and he has set both Olympic and world records. Best athlete in Brazilian history and one of the world's alltime champions, Adhemar is easily the brightest star of all the Latin Americans at Chicago.

He's also a nice, easygoing guy who always totes his guitar to track meets. He sings in 10 languages—anything from samba to Schubert—and enjoys postmeet parties with all-night song sessions. Then he goes to morning Mass. He's made friends from Moscow to Modesto, Calif., and still gets letters postmarked Melbourne and Helsinki from people he met at the last two Olympics. "I guess I was just born lucky," he says.

Actually, he was born dirt-poor, got nowhere in sports until he was 21, works hard at two jobs to bring up his kids and studies pre-law courses at night. Whenever he takes time out for a track meet abroad he must cram at night—sometimes until dawn—to catch up on classwork. With his responsibilities and years—he'll be 32 on September 29—his participation in sports requires genuine personal sacrifice. Asked why he keeps it

up, Adhemar flashes a bright grin. "Pour le sport," he says, shrugging. "And for fun."

An unalloyed amateur in the classic Olympic sense, Adhemar has one real grievance: the Soviet Union's subsidized athletic system. "The amateur code is rigidly applied in the West," he says, "but it's flagrantly violated by the Soviet Union."

"I've got nothing against the Russians, and I'm not sorry for myself, but all amateur athletes feel the same way. Russian athletes are paid and pampered. They have the finest of facilities, full time to train and no worries about money. I can't afford time for training. I can't afford steak, let alone vitamins or high-protein pills."

Grinning, he adds, "But, man, how those Russian athletes sweat and suffer to win glory for the old Red flag! They're so afraid to lose, that sometimes they get too keyed up and can't win. I've seen it happen. Me, when I list the track I've got no worries about Siberia."

## COMPLEX FREE BRAZIL

In Brazil, which is one of the most tolerant nations on earth, Adhemar, a Negro, was brought up free from discrimination. "Complexes never took hold of me," says he. "I was a happy-go-lucky Brazilian kid. I never felt poor or oppressed or different. My folks worked hard, and we always managed to get by."

His father, Antonio Ferreira da Silva, worked on the old São Paulo railway, retiring on a pension recently after 31 years. His mother, Augusta, took in washing and mending. When Adhemar was 7 they bought a small São Paulo house with a big garden. In Brazil's benign climate they grew fruits and vegetables the year around—avocados, pineapples, oranges and papayas. "It was a struggle every month to pay off the mortgage," says Adhemar, "but I sure loved that house." Recently he had it renovated for his folks.

As a kid Adhemar helped his mother deliver washing or worked in the yard and fed the chickens. His mother taught him the alphabet before kindergarten, sent him to a Christian Brothers' school and later to São Paulo Technical School. "He was





ONE OF THE WORLD'S FINEST ATHLETES, BRAZIL'S TWO-TIME OLYMPIC CHAMPION PLUCKS GUITAR AND SINGS TO HIS CHILDREN

born good and grew up even better," his mother says.

As a lanky teen-ager, guitar-playing Adhemar entered every radio amateur contest he heard of and won them all. He dreamed of musical fame. Instead fame came in sports—the hard way. As the star of the neighborhood soccer team, he tried out in 1947 for the big, top-ranking São Paulo Futebol Clube. He didn't make the team, but he impressed the club's track coach, German-born Dietrich Gerner, who has been his mentor ever since. "Ballerinas practice in a room filled with mirrors to watch how they're doing," says Adhemar. "Gerner is my mirror."

Then 19, Adhemar was a model of a perfect track-and-field physique—all legs (3 feet 6½ inches of his 5-foot 10-inch height) and long, hard, supple muscle, but he flopped at everything he attempted.

"I tried him in the 100-meter dash," says Gerner. "I tried him in the high jump. I tried him at the distances. After nearly two years, I'd just about lost hope. Then he tried the hop, step and jump and went 11.40 meters (37 feet 5 inches). That's great for the first time, and I couldn't believe it. But I remeasured it myself and, by God, it was 11.40. From then on he just leaped to glory."

#### "O SALTO TRIFLICE"

Daily, after practice sessions, Adhemar bragged to the folks at home about his hop, step and jump (or, in Portuguese, *o salto triplice*—the triple jump). He did 12 meters, then 12.40 and within three months 13 (42 feet 7½ inches). "We didn't know what he was doing or what he was talking about," says his mother. "He was happy; that's all we knew. We

never did see him do the hop, step and jump until after he became the world champion, and then we got so curious we had to go watch." Says Adhemar: "After trying so long, it was wonderful to be good at something."

The hop, step and jump is the most demanding of the jumping events, possibly excepting the pole vault. It requires utmost balance, flexibility and thrust—not for a single jump but for a flying series of three. Other jumpers, after their take-off, land in a cushion of sand or sawdust, but the triple jumper gets a triple jarring: after his take-off he lands twice with a fearsome thud on the hard track before finally hitting the soft pit. It's hard on sinews, muscles and bones—and often disabling. The only other Brazilian to approach the classic 16-meter mark (52 feet 5 7/8 inches)—

*continued*



Helio Coutinho da Silva (no relation), who did 15.99 in 1951—broke his leg on his next try.

Adhemar hops off with a powerful push of his right foot, lands on that foot (usually out 19 to 20 feet or more), immediately takes a long step (a 14- to 15½-foot step) to the left foot, and then jumps off that left foot (another 16½ to 17½ feet) before landing on both feet in the pit. "I'm a donkey at math," says Adhemar, "but on a jump I can figure it down to the centimeter by feel."

As an athlete, according to Coach Gerner, "Da Silva's greatest asset is his formidable sense of equilibrium." To Adhemar, a jump is a fascinating mechanical problem, in which "the muscles work like springs and levers. You've got to have perfect control and, of course, your muscles must perform just right. If the weather is off, or you sleep badly, or you ate the wrong thing—well, that's what makes an athlete lose. But with physical conditions equal, it's control that counts."

Adhemar had just discovered the hop, step and jump when he made Brazil's 1948 Olympic team. It was his first trip outside Brazil, or even São Paulo. In London he felt like a stranger. He was tongue-tied and lost, and he never even made the final round. In 11 years since, he's won them all, repeatedly—World University Games, South America Championship, Pan American Games and Olympics.

He tied the world record in 1950, broke it in 1951, broke it again, twice, in 1952, and broke it again in 1955. He won the hop, step and jump at the first Pan American Games ever held, at Buenos Aires in 1951, retained his title at Mexico City in 1955, and is odds-on to win it a third time next Wednesday at Chicago. He won at the Olympics at Helsinki in 1952, at the Olympics at Melbourne in 1956 and, despite the fact that a Russian, Oleg Fedoseyev, is the current world record holder (54 feet 9½ inches), Da Silva will be a favorite at the Olympics at Rome in 1960.

In training Adhemar has never exceeded 50 feet 4 inches, but when the heat's on he excels. In 1956, when he left for the Melbourne Olympics,

**IN FULL FLIGHT**, with his arms outflung against the backdrop of Rio's Maracana Stadium, Da Silva finishes practice leap.



Adhemar had just gone through a rugged qualifying month, after two years of training, for a physical instructor's degree, with daily sessions in swimming, water polo, basketball, volleyball, soccer, obstacle course and other trials. "I was in fine shape physically," says Adhemar, "but technically, for the hop, step and jump, no. I hadn't done it even once for weeks."

Then, in Melbourne, his lean jaw blew up as big as a softball with a tooth infection. "It was misery," he says. "I was in bed for three days with no solid food, and got up groggy from antibiotic shots."

On the big day Adhemar got up early for a steak-and-egg breakfast at 6 a.m. "At track meets I always make friends with the cook," he says, "and that cook in Melbourne was a real mother to me. She got up early herself to fix breakfast for me ahead of the meal schedule." Afterward he took a hot bath and a cold shower, limbered up and played with the kids hanging around the Olympic Village. He lunched on another steak, with salad, at 11, then went to sleep for two hours ("while those poor Russians worried and fretted") and woke up feeling great. Just as he left for the stadium, he got a perfectly timed pep letter from wife Elza.

In the qualifying rounds 26 of the 32 entrants were eliminated. Iceland's surprising Vilhjalmur Einarsson set a new Olympic record, 53 feet 3 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches. Adhemar's best was 52 feet 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Vetold Kreer of the Soviet Union was three-quarters of an inch behind Da Silva. "They thought I was doing badly," Adhemar remembers, "but it wasn't important. I

never start to worry until the finals."

That afternoon Adhemar won his second Olympic gold medal and broke Einarsson's new Olympic record with a last-ditch *salto triplice* of 53 feet 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Einarsson never matched his excellent qualifying mark, and Kreer, who had qualified at 52 feet 8 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches, turned in a miserable 50 feet 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches and fouled on his last two jumps. "Poor guy, he had orders to win," says Adhemar. "He just fell apart."

Adhemar is only fair in other events but takes a fling at them anyway in Brazilian track meets to win points for his club. At the hop, step and jump, nobody in 20 Latin American nations comes near him.

#### AMATEURS' AMATEUR

Now, as always, Adhemar must struggle to make ends meet. At technical school he concentrated on sculpture, of all things, but a job in a shop mass-producing statuary for gardens and cemeteries paid off in pennies. He tried office work and selling, and then got a São Paulo city-hall job. Ironically, during a municipal crack-down in 1953, he was fired because of repeated leaves for track meets—a bitter dose to swallow for his loyalty to the amateur code, to which he has been so dedicated that in 1953, when an ardent public raised enough money to buy Adhemar a gift home, he turned it down rather than be classified a professional. When his mother couldn't understand his gesture he explained that accepting the home would mean he could no longer compete in events such as the Olympics. His mother's thoughtful reply:

"Then it wouldn't be a happy home."

Adhemar's adherence to the classical interpretation of amateurism was recognized when the International Olympic Committee awarded him the Mohammed Taher Trophy, presented to the amateur athlete whose general merit or career justifies a special distinction. Fanny Blankers-Koen, Roger Bannister and John Landy have also received the trophy.

In 1956 Adhemar got his present jobs in Rio as an instructor at a bath recreation center and, on week-ends, for a government-sponsored student recreation program. "I handle 900 teen-agers on Sunday," says Adhemar, "and I make them jump."

Both jobs pay a total of only 25,000 *cruciros* (about \$165) monthly, though Adhemar earns extra income by writing sports stories for Rio's daily *Última Hora*. Last fall he earned no money but had his expenses paid when he played a key role in the movie *Caravel Orpheus*, produced by France's Marcel Camus. Last month, resplendent in a rented tuxedo, he was hailed, along with Camus and others in the cast, at a black-tie São Paulo premiere.

Back in December 1953, Adhemar married his longtime sweetheart, Elza Santos, who was his neighbor and a childhood confidante. "We were in love, but we didn't know it until one day in 1951," says Elza. "I took him home to meet my parents. Mother fixed up the parlor real nice, but Adhemar went right to the kitchen, messed around with the pots and pans, had something to eat, and then began playing his guitar and singing."

*continued*

## ANALYTIC EXPLANATION OF THE HOP, STEP AND JUMP



DA SILVA HOPS, after a 114-foot run-up to the take-off point, off his right foot (take-off). He lands on the same foot, about 20 feet out, immediately takes a long STEP to the oppo-

site foot, adding some 15 feet to his distance, springs off that opposite, or left, foot and JUMPS an additional 17 feet before landing on both feet in the pit. Total distance: 52 feet and up.

When he left, my folks all said, 'Elza, that's the man for you to marry.'"

They're still a honeymoon couple. Says Elza, "I'm so happy I'm almost afraid. He loves the children and the house and me, and I don't hope for anything more in life." They have two children, 4-year-old daughter Adyel and one-year-old Adhemar Ferreira da Silva Jr.

Miserably lonely during Adhemar's long trips abroad, Elza nevertheless insists that he stay in competitive sports at least until the 1960 Olympics. Adhemar is deeply grateful. "With a different wife I would have dropped out years ago," says he. "For a family with no money, international amateur athletics is too much of a sacrifice. Marriage is a lottery, but with Elza I won first prize."

As a star athlete, Adhemar has traveled all over Latin America, Europe and the United States. He has been to Iceland and Japan, Sweden and Spain, California and Moscow. "I've sure been places and seen things," says Adhemar. "I've seen the Louvre and the Empire State Building, Buckingham Palace and the Folies-Bergère, the Kremlin and the Golden Gate. I've seen more old masters in European museums than I can remember, and I've been to Mme.

Tussaud's waxworks museum in London five times. I've learned a little bit about the world and a lot about people."

#### THE NEEDY RUSSIANS

For fun Adhemar has sung and played his guitar—especially, haunting Brazilian folk songs and steaming sambas—over radio stations and at nightclubs from Finland to Fresno. In Moscow, where he won the hop, step and jump in a 1957 international meet "It was so cold I had to warm up for two hours", he met Kluzhshchev at a Kremlin ball. "Moscow's a pretty sad place," says Adhemar, "but just once I promoted a real night out, with caviar and lots of vodka, and sambas, plus rock 'n' roll. I'm telling you, they were going crazy and screaming for more. That's what the Russians need, plain old fun."

Abroad, Adhemar misses his Brazilian dishes, but he gobbles up exotic new items like American hamburgers and sundae ("I could live on them forever"). A natural linguist, he's picked up good English and French, plus fluent bits of Russian, Czech, German, Italian, Japanese, Spanish and Icelandic.

"There's no place I've been treated better or treated worse than in the United States," Adhemar says. "I re-

member one time in Modesto where after the meet we sang and danced all night, ending up with a real fun breakfast at 7 a.m., ham and eggs American-style."

But on an AAI invitational trip this year, Adhemar competed at the Texas Relays in Austin and felt for the first time in his life the grating strain of segregation. "Everybody was as nice as could be and I had no trouble," says Adhemar, "except I just had to stay away from where white people went. I felt pretty bad. I'm never again going any place where I have to worry about color."

Brightening, he adds, "But I had a wonderful time out West. Californians! I like. I met old friends from my last trip, back in 1955. At Fresno State I presented the student awards and I got a picture from Ann Blyth, the 'campus queen of the battling Bulldog.' She inscribed it: 'To my wonderful Brazilian friend, P.S. Please come back next year.' That was real nice."

At Fresno, Adhemar casually set a new U.S. hop, step and jump record: 52 feet 4 inches, which was later broken by Alvis Andrews with a 52-foot 5 1/4-inch leap at Modesto. Adhemar was pleased and almost paternal about Andrews' record. "Alvis and I talked and jumped and worked out together for weeks during my trip," he says. "That's what I went up there for, to work with Americans. You got some good boys."

After a muscle injury in Sweden last year, Adhemar took hydrocortisone injections and a two-month layoff. Starting again, he hit respectively 51 feet 1 inch, 51 feet 11 1/2 inches, 51 feet 3 3/4 inches on his first three tries. After breaking the U.S. record, and winning other California meets in May, he flew back for the ABC meet (Argentina, Brazil and Chile) in São Paulo, dashed from the plane to the track and won easily.

After that he put in a rugged month of college exams ("Friends took notes for me while I was gone") and a physical education advanced course from a group of European instructors. He passed both tests in a breeze. As an official guest he's flying to Italy in October to inspect Rome's arrangements for the 1960 Olympics. And, of course, he flew to Chicago for the Pan American games. "I'm going to bring back some nylon clothes for the kids and a few souvenirs," he says. "And, I hope, a medal for Elza."

END



TEACHER DA SILVA shows handstand to his pupils in a Rio de Janeiro class.



PUPIL DA SILVA who, at 31, is a pre-junior student at night, takes notes in Latin class.

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## Champion Moore zeros in

**Little Davey once more proves himself a sharpshooter in defeating Hogan (Kid) Bassey**

THE SPRINGFIELD RIFLE was sighted in to minute-of-angle accuracy for this very special hunt. It crashed its bullets to the bull's-eye with power and precision. At the end of 10 rounds the eye, Hogan (Kid) Bassey's, was all but shot away. The Rifle, Featherweight Champion Davey Moore, who hails from Springfield, Ohio, had won another medal for expert marksmanship. Thereby he saved his title.

Moore, who had won the title from Bassey at this same Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles last March, and in much the same way, looked better defending his championship than in winning it. He was far ahead on points when Bassey, right eye closing to a slit, blood spurting from a gash cut near the left eye, hody sore from relentless pummeling,

slumped onto his stool after the bell ending the 10th round. There Bassey told his handlers, "No more." In much the same plight on the night he lost the championship, Bassey also quit because blood streaming into his eyes had blinded him.

Some of the crowd booted as the little Nigerian street brawler stayed on his stool when the bell rang for the 11th round—thus, by California rules, making it an 11th-round knockout. The boos were unfair, the result of a cultural misunderstanding which is very like that which prevails between Richard Nixon and Nikita Khrushchev. Only rarely does an American fighter quit on his stool. Carmen Basilio fought gallantly against Sugar Ray Robinson with one eye closed. Archie Moore, pounded into exhaustion by Rocky Marciano, insisted to the referee that he wanted to be knocked out. But European-trained fighters commonly quit when they see no chance to win, and it is not held to be a disgrace to do so.

Theoretically, if Bassey had con-

tinued he might have won. He was three or four rounds behind on most cards, and there were five rounds to go. But he had no chance at all. A rapidly weakening Bassey clearly lacked the steam to land even a lucky punch of any consequence.

Against Moore, Bassey was badly handicapped by a common defect of European-trained fighters, again a cultural difference. European referees strictly enforce the rules against low blows, accidental or not. The fear of losing points, or even a disqualification, because of an accidental foul forces most European fighters to concentrate on head-punching. By the same token, they do not expect to be hit much about the body, and so they have neglected to build up adequate defense below the chin.

Bassey was very easily hit to the body and Moore took sound advantage of the situation. Repeatedly, the champion's spirit-sapping hooks to the rib cage and belly brought down Bassey's guard. Toward the end Moore was able to fire at the closing right eye almost at will.

It took Moore less time to win the fight than to make the weight. The morning weigh-in dragged on for an hour and 34 minutes while the lean little champion hopped on and off the scales seven times. Between trips to the scales he retired to the dressing room to sweat off a stubborn quarter of a pound. Finally, after he had spat a few times and exhaled furiously on the scales, he brought the pointer to a teetery balance at 126. Bassey came in at 123.

The distinctive training methods of Ingemar Johansson, who scandalized boxing's traditionalist puritans by dancing in nightclubs and relaxing in the Grossinger sun, have a modest counterpart in Davey Moore's peculiar approach to physical fitness. Davey spent the first three of his nine weeks' training mostly in bed, sleeping as many as 18 hours a day. He did no sparring or roadwork at the time, limbering up with a little softball and horseshoe pitching. But mostly he just slept. At the end of the three weeks he began a gradual shift to more ordinary methods.

There was talk afterward that Moore might take on Joe Brown for the lightweight title, but it seemed more likely that his next opponent will be Paul Jorgensen, ranked No. 3 by the National Boxing Association. Whoever the opponent is, he had better practice ducking bullets. **END**



CLEARLY IN COMMAND, MOORE (RIGHT) EVENTUALLY FORCED BASSEY TO QUIT

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## The peregrinations of pizza

**This wonderful Italian dish migrated from Naples to become a current American rage**

THE COLORFUL WHEELS of savory pastry on the opposite page had their origin in southern Italy a long time ago. Pizza means simply pie in Italian. But today the word is translated by millions of enthusiasts in 50 American states as something on the order of a slice of heaven. So popular has the dish become in recent years that it is considered a threat to the hamburger and the hot dog as the great American snack.

Anyone who has ever tasted pizza is likely to be an expert on the reasons for its success. One of my teenage daughters thinks there is something romantic about it. "It's Italian," she says. "That makes it sort of exciting." Her crowd seldom spends an evening at the movies that isn't capped by the cooperative demolition of a 21-inch circle of crisp crust and herby tomato sauce. Perhaps it is the sharing the best explains the pizza rage. A pizza is a moment of pleasure to be divided, and the climax of appreciation comes when the sizzling pie arrives from the oven and young heads bend together as it is cut into wedges.

In *Italian Food*, the distinguished English culinary authority, Elizabeth David, says that a whole book could be written about what she calls "the pizza tribe." From Naples, hailed as the pizza capital of the world, dozens of varieties have spread throughout Italy and into southern France. In Sicily the native pizza is a luxurious affair concocted of fresh ewe's milk cheese, spicy sausage, anchovies, tomatoes, olives and oregano. One Riviera version is called *pissatiera* and is filled with a mixture of Spanish onions, anchovies and black olives. In a tiny village on the Gulf of Salerno one of the kings of Italy loved to play hooky from his princely duties to gorge himself on the wares of the Pizzeria di Ponte di Campania, where the pizzas were divided north to south and east to west and the four quarters filled with four different sauces.

The oldest pizzeria in the United States is at 53 Spring Street in New York City, where a Neapolitan named Gennaro Lombardi set up a wood- and coal-burning pizza oven in 1905. Lombardi, whose sons have succeeded him, was something of a pizza evangelist, catering

first to fellow countrymen who settled in New York's Little Italy, then to curious American tourists. For years he gave away postcards which were mailed by enthusiastic discoverers of pizza to their friends in various parts of the country. The flavor of pizzas tasted at Lombardi's, and at other pizzerias in New York and New England Italian neighborhoods, gradually permeated the nation.

The demand for pizza is so great that in one Middle Western city where the foreign influence is Scandinavian rather than Italian almost 100 pizzerias have opened in the last three years. A leading restaurant equipment supplier in New York estimates that the sale of paraphernalia for making pizzas now comprises 70% of his business. And surveys of national appetite trends have caused at least three food packages to develop pizza mixes that provide bread dough and tomato sauce all ready to form into a pie.

At our house we've used a refrigerated package and found it excellent. In this, yeasty bread dough slips easily out of its tubular container, and the flat dough can then be shaped quickly to fit a 12-inch pie tin. Though the accompanying can of sauce is simple and good, we amuse ourselves by devising our own fillings—which can range from tomatoey mixtures of mushrooms and ham to shrimps and tomatoes or mussels and tomatoes, always topped with cheese. That teen-ager I mentioned plans pizza-making parties at which the guests enjoy themselves by putting together their own mixtures and then standing by while the hot oven turns dough and filling into the most marvelously aromatic of pies. "It's exotic," she says, "don't you think?"

I agree. Below, as a sample, is a recipe for Neapolitan pizza, one of our favorites:

### NEAPOLITAN PIZZA

- 1 can refrigerated pizza mix
- ¼ pound Italian salami, coarsely chopped
- ¼ pound mozzarella cheese
- 3 tomatoes, coarsely chopped
- 1 large onion, finely chopped
- 1 clove of garlic, minced
- 4 tablespoons finely chopped anchovies
- 3 tablespoons finely chopped green olives
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped celery
- 1 tablespoon minced parsley

Roll out the pizza mix according to directions and fit it to a 12-inch pan. Blend the remaining ingredients well and distribute evenly in pizza shell. Bake at 425° for 15 to 20 minutes, and serve very hot as a holiday treat on Labor Day or as a family Sunday supper.

**BRIGHT COLORS** of tomato and cheese characterize all pizzas. Fillings shown contain mushrooms (center), onion and green peppers (bottom), *pimientos* (top right), black olives and green peppers. Other common ingredients are sausage, anchovies.



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

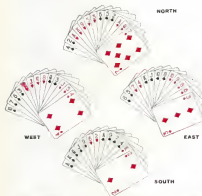
## Trapped by a winning trick

TRADITIONALLY, the bridge table is an expanse of something less than one square yard with a surface that is reasonably flat and not too slippery. Sit down to play, however, and you soon discover that this deceptively smooth surface is a mirage. The playing arena is actually honeycombed with pitfalls waiting to engulf the unwary, the glibble or the careless.

It wouldn't be easy to map all these pitfalls, but I can at least warn you against the apparently bottomless one into which Mr. and Mrs. Average Player drop a large proportion of the contracts which slip through their fingers. They vanish not into space but into the chasm of the fourth dimension—time.

Here's a typical case that proves it is not so much that players fail to realize what they must do, but that they do not always take the pains to figure out *when* they should do it.

Both sides vulnerable  
North dealer



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♥	PASS	2♠	PASS
3 N.T.	PASS	3♠	PASS
3 N.T.	PASS	4 N.T.	PASS
5♥	PASS	6♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: heart queen

Some of this country's experienced players frown upon South's four no-trump call in this sequence. In their personal style of bidding, this would not be a Blackwood call for aces but merely a raise of no trump. In my view, however, these players labor under a self-imposed handicap. While a player may occasionally wish to give a delicate, nonforcing raise in no trump above the game level, in countless instances he wishes to find out about his partner's aces and, sometimes, his kings.

Thus, I am quite convinced that any four no-trump bid which follows upon a previous display of great strength—e.g., South's jump spade response to the opening heart bid—should be treated as part of the Blackwood Convention demanding information about aces.

But let's move on from the bidding. The small-slam contract was a reasonably good sporting venture, though it could have been beaten by a club lead.

Lacking the benefit of second sight, West failed to open a club. The heart queen appeared a safer choice, despite North's bid of that suit. And, with South's cooperation, this lead proved an effective thrust. Without hesitation, declarer reached for the heart king. Then he drew trumps and led his remaining heart to the ace. Next, he ruffed a heart in the optimistic hope that the suit would break. When that bubble burst, he ended up a trick short of his goal.

Since the odds were distinctly against the three-three break of the six missing hearts, it should have been apparent from the outset that the line of play chosen by South was not the best way to establish the long heart without which declarer had no chance to win a 12th trick. In fact, South booted the contract at the very first trick when he captured the opening lead.

South's plan could succeed only if the hearts were equally divided. By enlisting time on his side, he could win the slam if the hearts broke no worse than four-two. The winning play is to duck West's lead!

Observe how easy the play is after that duck. Let West shift to clubs; it doesn't matter. South wins, draws trumps, leads his other heart to the ace, and now his ruff of a low heart sets up the suit. The entire timing of the play is changed by the first-trick duck.

### EXTRA TRICK

Millions of bridge players are addicted to the same unfortunate habit: they play to the first trick before giving real thought to the over-all play. Form a plan when the dummy goes down—not when you have already made a play that wrecks the contract.

END





QUIET AND MODEST, PINSON HAS TAKEN SUDDEN FAME IN STRIDE

**BASEBALL** / Roy Terrell

## Baseball is a breeze for Vada Pinson

**Mercury with muscles, Cincinnati's center fielder has been burning up the league with his speed and blazing bat**

**I**t is unfortunate that ballplayers do not arrive in the big leagues neatly packaged in tin cans, with all the specifications on the back label and a tag saying "Do not open until 1959" on top. Had this happened to Vada Edward Pinson Jr., the strapping center fielder of the Cincinnati Reds would be well on his way to becoming Rookie of the Year by now.

Pinson was too good for his own good. Opened up a year too soon, at the age of 19, he went to bat 96 times last season, thereby disqualifying himself from being a 1959 rookie by some six times at bat. The six surplus appearances were acquired in two brief trips to the majors, one at the beginning of the season and the other at the tail end, while most of Pinson's summer was spent whaling the daylight out of pitching in the Pacific Coast League. But a rule is a rule and this one, passed by the baseball writers one day two years ago while waiting for the soda fountain to open, says Pinson is no rookie. He should worry; for a fellow who isn't a rookie Vada Pinson is the doggiest rookie baseball has seen in years.

He is the only member of the Reds to have played in every game. He is batting .334, third-best in the National League. He has scored more

runs than any player in either league; he has more doubles and more triples. Only Henry Aaron has more hits. All this has Cincinnati fans howling like happy banshees and opposing pitchers turning red around the ears.

Vada is so trim that he appears frail, but he has muscles that don't show from the stands. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 175 pounds, and he has whacked 16 homers and batted in 73 runs. Fred Hutchinson, the Cincinnati manager, says Pinson hasn't yet learned to get a good jump on the pitchers. Still, Vada has stolen 17 bases. And in center field he is leading the league in putouts, a department owned lock, sack and barrel by Richie Ashburn of the Phils for nine of the last 10 years.

"That Vada," says Frank Robinson, "is making a joke out of this game."

Pinson is modest, pleasant and almost embarrassingly polite. He has delicate features, sparkling teeth and a pair of soulful brown eyes. He never talks back to his elders or loses his money shooting craps or spits on the dugout steps or takes a snooze on hot days in center field. All he does is play baseball.

Opposing players, who are seldom impressed by headlines and minor

league averages and batting-practice home runs, hesitate to elect any new whiz kid to the Hall of Fame until he has been around the league a couple of times. But Pinson has been around the league now half a dozen times, and no one has yet found anything they can do about him. Except go ahead and mark up the ballots.

At the plate, where Pinson hits left-handed, his swing is just like Vada: smooth and compact. He stands in the middle of the box, takes a short, controlled stride, and the bat comes around in a short, controlled arc. If the pitch is in where he wants it, he pulls sharply to right; if the pitch is away, he goes to center or left. He has not allowed himself to become hypnotized by the home run.

Vada Pinson is so good that he is almost boring. Except that he can run. Boy, how Vada Pinson can run. "Don't too many run much faster," says Hutchinson.

Where Luis Aparicio scurries like a rabbit and Al Kaline moves with a long, deceptive lope, Pinson just flows. His gait resembles the controlled smoothness of Mickey Mantle more than anything else, although he lacks Mantle's pistonlike power.

He goes down to first in a fraction

*continued*

over three seconds; if the ball bounces twice he's there. From first to third he really steams, taking off at the crack of the bat as if launched from a slingshot, flitting past second, his path marked by little puffs of dust which seem to hang, marveling, in the air. He turns singles into doubles and makes stand-up triples out of base hits that would send most ballplayers sliding frantically into second on the seat of their pants.

"Sometimes," says Wally Moses, the veteran Cincinnati coach, "he'll take that turn at first and keep right on going, and I'll think, 'Boy, you're out. They've got you dead this time.' But he always makes it. Nobody ever throws him out."

**WHAT A SET OF WHEELS!**

"He kids me about my leg hits," says Frank Robinson, who rooms with Pinson and big-brothers him and occasionally likes to just sit and watch the kid play. "Man, I'm hitting .315 and if they took all my leg hits away, I'd still be hitting .315. But if I had those wheels of his, I'd be hitting .350."

In the outfield Pinson is something of a cross between a peach basket and a jet interceptor. As Casey Stengel used to say about Mickey Mantle, "He outruns fly balls."

It was his dazzling speed that got Pinson into this no-nonsense rookie status in the first place. He bewitched Birdie Tebbetts, then Cincinnati manager, at the Reds' spring training camp at Tampa in 1958.

Tebbetts, who delighted in entertaining the visiting press with stories of his ballplayers, found himself running out of stories. He had to find someone new to talk about or face a fate worse than finishing last, which in this case meant losing his audience to Casey Stengel, who always had a bushel of interesting rookies for wintering journalists to write about in the Yankee camp across the bay at St. Pete. So he turned to Pinson, a kid who had hit .367 and stolen 53 bases at Visalia the year before, leading the Class C California League in just about everything but peanut sales.

Birdie was honest from the start. "Pinson's not ready," he said, "and we're not going to keep him, but he gives us something to talk about."

Pinson did. He hit .361 in spring training, stole bases and covered cen-

ter field like a circus tent. He almost broke Tebbetts' heart.

"How in the world," said Birdie, "can I send him down where he belongs as long as he plays like that? He does a lot of things wrong, but he outruns his mistakes."

So Pinson stuck with the Reds for a couple of weeks after the season began, hitting a bases-loaded home run in his second big league game and doing well in the field. But eventually his inexperience began to show. His average dropped off badly, and the Reds, with a clear conscience, sent him down. At Seattle he hit .343 and stole 37 bases.

That Pinson's tremendous performance this season seems to have escaped detection by the headline writers is due to several factors. First, since he does not qualify technically as a rookie, the realms of copy annually expended in covering those first-year marvels have passed him by. Second, with a Henry Aaron in the league, one does not take much notice of a mere .330 hitter. And, finally, despite the hitting of Pinson and Robinson and Johnny Temple and Gus Bell, the good hit-n-pitch Reds have hardly been hot on the trail of a pennant.

Still, it has been an experience to watch him. He was named to the All-Star team, although poked second behind Wilbe Mays, and his consistency has been remarkable. Only a short slump in midseason, when it was evident that Pinson was getting tired, has slowed him down.

"He needed that break at All-Star time," says Wally Moses. "He was pooped. It's been hot, and all he does is run. He's on base all the time, and he works like a dog in center field. These fellows on each side of him don't cover too much ground."

Is Pinson tired of running?

"Well, not tired exactly," he says. "I'd just rather hit."

Appreciative as Pinson is of his gifts, he prefers to conserve them. At McClymonds High in Oakland, California—which also produced Frank Robinson—he played only baseball, passing up basketball and football and track.

"The coaches wanted me to go out for football," he says, "but I never could see any sense in carrying all that heavy stuff around on your back. I tried basketball awhile, but all you do there is run up and down the floor. And track, well, that interferes with baseball. And besides, I guess nobody

really knew I could run very fast."

Pinson was a pitcher and occasional first baseman in the spring and played a trumpet the rest of the year around. He has since given up pitching and playing first base, and the trumpet is back home on a shelf.

"Bobby Mattiek—blessed Robinson and Curt Flood, who is with the Cards now, and a bunch more boys around that area—told me I should be an outfielder. So mostly I've played in the outfield. I pitched one game at the end of my second year in pro ball. Lost it in relief. I don't care about pitching any more."

**BARGAIN DAY FOR THE REDS**

"The Reds were the only team after me big. Some others talked to me, but Cincinnati was the only one offered me any money. And I liked Mattiek, the way he treated me, and Robinson was with Cincinnati; so when I graduated I signed up with the Reds." They gave him \$2,600.

"I've been very fortunate. Wally Moses has helped me a lot, and my old high school coach, George Powles, helped me most of all. He still works with me in the off season. That's about all I do all year round is work on baseball. You know, hunting and things like that. I just go up and knock on his door and say 'Hey, Coach,' and he comes out and helps me. Always been like that."

In the off season, Pinson, an only child, lives with his family back in Oakland, where his father is a stevedore. "I guess that's where I get my strength," he says, the muscles rippling across his chest and back and up and down his powerful arms. "But I don't go looking for those home runs. I just try to hit the ball where it's pitched. If it goes out, fine. If not, I'll take what I can get."

Vada Pinson won't get to be Rookie of the Year because of a rule. He won't win the batting championship because of Henry Aaron. He won't win a Most Valuable Player award this year, either, because the Reds are going nowhere. But all Vada Pinson has to do is keep on swinging and running. First thing you know he'll have a trophy case full of batting championship and Most Valuable Player awards, and one day Vada Pinson will discover that he has been turned into a plaque on the wall at Cooperstown, the first left-handed trumpet player in Baseball's Hall of Fame.

How can you stop a guy who outruns his mistakes?

END

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# DODGER DANDY

The charm of the boy next door — the lanky frame, the casual stance and the disarming grin — makes 23-year-old Don Drysdale a crowd favorite at the Los Angeles Coliseum. But don't let his good looks fool you. When this young man throws his whiplike fast ball, he's the meanest man in baseball.

*Photograph by John Ferguson*

REVERSE Units the sweaters shown of 100% "Orlon" in a wide range of styles and colors. Sweater at left, about \$10; sweater at right, about \$17.50, at fine stores everywhere.



KYLE ROTE (left) and ALEC WEBSTER (right) of the New York Yankees (left).

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## The Diller goes after the dollar

**One of trotting's best buys, Diller Hanover, is ready for the important Hambletonian**

THE horse to your right is known as The Diller, although actually he is registered as Diller Hanover. The horsemen say he is a killer, this Diller, and that next Wednesday afternoon on the fast mile track at Du Quoin, Illinois, he will trot off with the 34th Hambletonian, leaving behind him a struggling line of 3-year-olds. Then real fame, they say, will come to The Diller along with the almighty dollar. And so, perhaps, it shall be.

Two years ago he was standing in the sales ring at Harrisburg, Pa., just another bay colt with good breeding. His father was Star's Pride, who as a 5-year-old had trotted to a 1:57½ mile over the same Du Quoin track. His mother was a mare named Dream Hanover, who at the age of 21 had died a disappointment. She had 12 foals in her lifetime, and The Diller was her last.

As Diller came to the ring he caught the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hall, a retired couple from Watertown, New York. Mrs. Hall bought him for \$6,300, and last year he became the third leading money-winning 2-year-old trotter ever, with earnings of \$87,332. The Halls were not, however, primarily interested in money. Like many elderly people they had a very special dream: a dream that they would have a starter in a Hambletonian.

In October last year The Diller's 43-year-old trainer and driver, Ralph Baldwin, decided to unwind him and plan for the 1959 Hambletonian. The Halls agreed. Baldwin took The Diller to Orlando this past winter, rested him and this spring, slowly, meticulously, started to wind him up again. He was jogged in early spring but kept from the races, and Baldwin watched over and cared for him as if he were a precious, bright orchid.

On June 30, with but a bit over two months left to prepare for the Ham-



STRETCHING OUT FOR TRAINER RALPH BALDWIN, THE DILLER SHOWS HIS STRIDE

bletonian, Baldwin brought The Diller back to the races. He won four straight dashes at Saratoga Raceway, beating older horses in the first two of them and then beating Hambletonian eligibles in the other two. He was shipped to Yonkers for the \$56,397 Yonkers Futurity, and, after being parked on the outside for the entire mile, lost by half a length to John A. Hanover. The Diller moved on to Sportsman's Park in Chicago and was beaten again, this time by the 4-year-old Hardy Royal. Baldwin was not discouraged. The Diller came back a week later and, after spotting his field 10 lengths, sailed through the stretch to win by a nose.

### PASSER IN REVIEW

Then this past Thursday, he convinced knowledgeable horsemen that not for many years has a Hambletonian candidate stood out over his opponents as The Diller does. In the two-beat \$18,642 Review Futurity he went on a mile track for the first time

this year. He took on 14 other starters, 11 of them Hambletonian candidates, including John A. Hanover. After being shuffled back to sixth at the half-mile in the first heat, he looped his field and coasted to the wire a two-length winner in 2:01 3/5. In the second heat he was again back in the pack but brushed past horses to win by three lengths in 2:01. Twice he demonstrated that the early speed of John A. Hanover was not as serviceable on a mile track as it had been on the tight turns of Yonkers' half-miler. Twice he demonstrated that he was just reaching his mountain while his opponents, who had raced hard and often in the spring, seemed to be moving back down into the valleys.

This year's Hambletonian will probably be the richest in history, and if a field of 20 go as expected it will be the richest harness race of all time, with a gross purse of \$133,000. (The Hambletonian, however, has always been a money race. The first

*continued*

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one, held at Syracuse in 1926, grossed \$73,451; the Kentucky Derby that same year was worth only \$60,973.) Aside from the money, however, the thing that makes the Hambletonian important is its attendant prestige. Nearly every important person connected with owning, breeding, training or driving goes to the Hambletonian. Although it is antedated by five major 3-year-old trotting events, none has a roll of winners like the Hambletonian: Greyhound, Bill Galton, Hoot Mon, Demon Hanover, Hickory Smoke, Scott Frost. The Hambletonian has led a transitory life, to say the least. For the first four years it was shuttled between Syracuse and Lexington. Then for 26 years it settled in the bucolic community of Goshen, and once, during World War II, was held at Empire City. For the last two years it has been held at Du Quoin (see page 18).

So far as Ralph Baldwin and The Diller are concerned, there are really only two problems. The first is the draw for post position, but if Diller gets close to the pole he should have little trouble. The second would be an injury, but with the care that Baldwin has exerted for the past few weeks this seems unlikely.

John A. Hanover, quite naturally, will try to get to the front and steal the race. His driver, Stanley Dancer, is a real professional at this track. Billy Haughton, who has yet to decide between Circo and Hickory Pride, will probably drive Circo because of his two seconds behind The Diller last Thursday in The Review. Rodney Pick, the "house horse" of Don and Gene Hayes, who run the Du Quoin Fair, will be the favorite son of Illinois, but he doesn't seem capable of taking Diller or Circo.

The rest of the field will probably consist of Loed Chatney, Newport Dillon, Spike Hanover (a full brother to the 1948 winner, Demon Hanover), Tartan Hanover, The Lodger, The Prince and Flight Song. Other possible starters are Tie Silk, Anvil Chorus, Rose Queen, Lady Belvedere and Solid Choice. Both Rose Queen and Lady Belvedere are fillies. Lady Belvedere gave Driver Del Miller encouragement when she won a mile race at Springfield last week in 2:03 3/5.

But any horse that beats The Diller next Wednesday will be a pretty tired horse, and an awfully good one as well.

END

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## Tip from the Top

### The start of the downswing

There is a lot of room at the top—for error. The soundest way to avoid it is to groove an action where at the top of the backswing the heel of the left hand points directly away from the target or, to say it another way, is directly behind the line of flight. There should be no crease in the left wrist. The beauty of this position is twofold. First, you don't have to be an extraordinarily talented player to execute this. And second, once you're there, it's a great way of hitting the golf ball: coming down, you don't have to discriminate with either hand.

In coming down, there is a little move that nearly all the fine strikers use that I want to point out. Ideally, the initial motion of the downswing (which brings the shaft almost parallel with the ground) is a slight clockwise movement of both hands, with the right elbow moving directly under the hands and toward the right hip as the swing starts to enter the hitting area. Don't think for a minute that this is an easy thing to do right. The club seems too far behind you, and your hands are all eagerness to hit. This is not for the average golfer. But for the very good players, this finesse move at the hardest point in the swing is worth the learning. It brings you into the ball inside the line and in a superlative position to hit it squarely and accurately.



The heel of the left hand is directly behind line of flight

The finesse position coming down



**NEXT TIP:** George Bayer on relaxing on the drive



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## How to win the Davis Cup

**Count on two points for America in the singles, thanks to Alex Olmedo. Concede the doubles to the Australians. Then hope that an aroused Barry MacKay can snare one singles match**

THE fierce two-country rivalry between Australia and the United States for world tennis supremacy which has continued with almost no outside distractions for more than two decades resumes this weekend at Forest Hills when the two nations take opposite courts in the Challenge Round for the Davis Cup.

Captain of the Australian team once again is Harry Hopman, 53 now but little changed in the last 20 years. His hair is thinner but still the color of faded brass. He hasn't gained an ounce. He does wear heavy-rimmed, glassless spectacles to conceal a hearing aid. And he also wears now a widespread—and debated—reputation as a shrewd tennis tactician who can win Davis Cups at the drop of a towel.

This year is Hopman's greatest challenge. Measured against the great Australian teams of the past, Hopman's 1959 team is strictly second-grade. Neale Fraser, who'll play singles and team in doubles with Roy Emerson, is the only veteran returning. Rod Laver, a 20-year-old left-hander who was runner-up to Alex Olmedo at Wimbledon, will play the other singles matches. Bob Mark, another youngster, is unlikely to see action. Arrayed against this lineup are: Olmedo, who is the best amateur in the world today; Barry MacKay, the hard-hitting giant from Dayton, Ohio; and Earl Buchholz, 18, the flashy but temperamental St. Louis schoolboy. Bernard 'Tut' Bartzen is also on the U.S. team, but primarily to serve as a skilled trial horse in practice.

At best, for Hopman, the matches are a 50-50 proposition, and they probably should be rated a 7-to-5 bet for America, simply because of the presence of Olmedo—who almost singlehandedly beat Australia's "first team" last year, scoring singles vic-

tories over Ashley Cooper and Mal Anderson and teaming with Ham Richardson to win the doubles.

Yet Harry, waging familiar psychological warfare, gives the outward appearance of being confident, almost to the point of cockiness. He announced the other day that the U.S. had been lucky to win in 1958. Olmedo, he said, caught Cooper when the latter was worrying about his impending wedding. He described Anderson as "just a country boy." And, he added, "I have three players who can beat Olmedo," referring to Fraser, Laver and Emerson.

Harry doesn't really believe that, of course. Nor does Perry Jones, 70-year-old captain of the U.S. team, who feels that this year's cup competition is a tossup. Jones says flatly, "We have the established bona fide amateur champion of the world in Alex Olmedo, and I expect him to win his two singles matches."

Olmedo is a boy of strange moods. He is inclined to lapse in concentration, and sometimes he shrugs off a match as of no consequence. But, starting with the Davis Cup Challenge Round last December and continuing through the Australian, U.S. indoor and Wimbledon championships, he proved himself a big-match, or climax, player. With a possible \$100,000 professional contract in the balance, the lackadaisical Latin will guard against letdowns this week.

Olmedo should win both his singles assignments—against Laver and Fraser. This means that to retain the cup the United States must come up with another point.

That point is unlikely to be won in doubles. Fraser and Emerson don't measure up to some of the great Aussie combinations of the past, but they are an experienced pair who play functional doubles by the basic rules.



STAR OF U.S. TEAM, ALEX OLMEDO (FOREGROUND) IS KEY MAN IN CUP MATCHES

They both have good services. They return well. They punch that first volley low. They have sound over-heads and quick reactions at the net. Fraser, the left-hander and backhander of the team, plays the backhand court, which gives them forehand strength on both wings. In adding the U.S. nationals last week to their Wimbledon crown the two Australians proved themselves the best in amateur tennis today.

It would take a superb, over-the-head performance by the Americans to win this particular match. Olmedo and Buchholz are a new team, still feeling their way. Alex has a deep, effective service, and he moves in almost effortlessly to make that first volley, but he is almost too grooved and relaxed. I would like to see him with a little more "bounce"—some of the fire he shows in his big singles victories. Nevertheless, he is a real craftsman, in doubles as well as in singles.

But Buchholz is still young and impetuous. He often tries to knock the cover off the ball and is inclined to go for risky angles instead of playing the percentage shot low down the middle. One of the basic rules of doubles is to keep shots low, but in going for the big shot Butch often hits the ball too high, thus setting it up for volleying kills.

There is, of course, a possibility that Barry MacKay will be moved into the doubles slot with Olmedo. The big boy's thundering service may be too valuable to leave on the shelf. In any case, the responsibility for an American victory appears to rest with MacKay, either in doubles or as the No. 2 singles man. Barry is a player whose booming game matches his moods. He's inclined to run to extremes. When he is down he can be very bad. When he is up he can be dynamite.

Currently he's riding a wave of high confidence. He's won three tournaments in a row, and he's beginning to look like the MacKay of 1937 in Melbourne, when for one smashing weekend he was the equal of any amateur of his day.

Harry Hopman has done an excellent job this year with an average Australian team. It would be a big feather in his cap if he could win the cup again—for his ninth victory in 12 tries. But don't bet on it. I have to go with the home team—particularly with MacKay up and Olmedo handling clean-up.

END

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## Losing the sense of pace

The ancient, honored skills of race-riding have become in recent years almost obsolete



PERFECTLY EXECUTED RIDE BY YEAZA (LEFT) GOT SWORD DANCER TRAVERS WIN

JUST BEFORE the running of The Travers at Saratoga last Saturday, Brookmeade's Elliott Bureh crouched low and said to Manuel Yeaza, who was riding Sword Dancer, "Let him break slowly and then sit under wraps with him. Let the early pace run but don't get fooled by it. Keep an eye on Middle Brother because he has a front-running jockey."

A few yards away, Middle Brother's rider, Bobby Ussery, was getting his orders from Owner-Trainer E. Barry Ryan: "One of these horses, probably Bagdad or Nimmer, will set the pace. But if everyone is throwing his horse down, you put Middle Brother on the lead. Otherwise lay off the pace but close to it."

The race worked out perfectly for Bureh and Yeaza. Nimmer went to the front and Middle Brother lay just off the pace, while Sword Dancer ran well in hand in fourth place and then third. Up the backside Yeaza's instinct told him the pace was false, and indeed it was. Manuel started to roll. He avoided one trap on the rail, swung to the outside and came up on Nimmer and Middle Brother, who turned for home like a close-coupled team. The three of them swept down the stretch together. Manuel took over for good inside the sixteenth pole, and Sword Dancer, his ears confidently cocked, pumped on to win going away by half a length.

Sword Dancer's victory represented

an outstanding example of coordination between horse, rider and trainer. This sort of successful harmony is unfortunately becoming more and more the exception rather than the rule. Only a handful of riders have the appreciation of pace and the discipline to blend their own instincts and ability with the specific instructions given them by the trainer.

The basic difference between a fine jockey and a journeyman rider is that the former supplements his riding ability with calculated thought while the latter trusts entirely too much to luck. One trainer insists, "Thinking is the thing. While the average boy is wondering what to do, the good boy is already doing it."

### CONDITIONERS' CONFUSION

Of course, this is not entirely the jockey's fault. Some trainers thoroughly confuse inexperienced boys with long-winded series of orders, while others fail to give adequate instructions. I don't suppose anybody likes to see the best horse in a race beaten because of a poor ride, and yet when this happens, seemingly valid excuses pop up on all sides. The trainer claims the boy failed to rate his horse properly. The boy says the horse was so full of run that he couldn't rate him.

"This sort of thing happens all the time," said Eddie Arcaro recently. "For every time that a trainer com-

plains of a poor ride by a top jock, that jock usually has a pretty good excuse for what went wrong. Few races are ever run exactly the way a trainer wants them to be run, and a jockey has simply got to be given free rein to use his own judgment."

"There are," says Harry F. Guggenheim, owner of Cain Hoy Stable, "only three basic things a trainer can tell a jockey. One, take the lead; two, lay just off the pace; or three, come from behind."

"But the start," adds Arcaro, "is usually the key to the whole thing. Sure, it may be easy enough to follow orders when you get the kind of start you want, but if you don't, that's when orders go out the window and you have to start riding your own race."

"And that," injects Trainer Syl Veitch, "is where riders like Arcaro, Shoemaker and Yeaza best demonstrate their natural superiority."

Most of the successful trainers concentrate on briefing riders on the peculiarities of certain horses rather than on detailed general strategy. "The good boys," says Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, "you don't have to tell much to, and the others there's no point because they've forgotten it all by the time they reach the post."

"I want to be told exactly what the trainer wants me to do," says Manuel Yeaza, "but I want to know about the horse, too."

"Knowing your horse is as important," adds Shoemaker, "as knowing what the opposition will probably do. Most trainers who ride me make a real point of telling me about every peculiarity a horse may have, such as he likes to hear out or lug in; he rebels against sand kicked in his face if he gets in too close behind horses; he runs freer if you circle the field instead of getting him down on the inside. If you know these things and have studied the form of the field, that's when the trainer will tell me to use my own judgment."

"Top jocks are top jocks because they're supposed to have the best judgment," says Arcaro. "If they rode 100% to orders all the time, the trainers would be the first to complain."

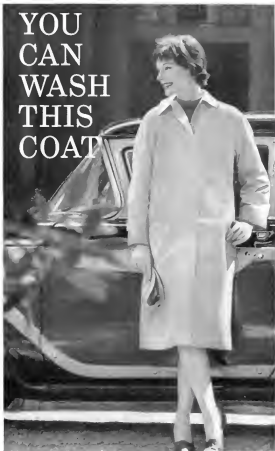
#### RIDING IN FROM WHERE?

But where are the new top jocks—the new Arcaros, Shoemakers, Longdens, Yeazas—coming from? Supposedly, the supply of great jockeys is augmented annually by one or two green but ambitious boys rolling into the big time from the bush league circuits. This is hardly true. Few of the good riders who graduated from the half-milers made a name for themselves until they swung around the major tracks for half a dozen years or more. A jockey may learn some horsemanship and a good deal about courage in the bushes, most of that from riding gang-busting, to-hell-with-pace sprints day in and day out. But he still must learn—and he learns it only from a painfully discouraging grind in the big time—that race-riding in its fullest meaning is still a beautiful and skillful combination of competitive instinct, natural ability, disciplined horsemanship and intelligent thinking.

Maybe the answer, as Mr. Fitz suggests, is to change the apprentice rule to allow a boy 10 pounds (instead of the present five) for at least his first 20 winners. This would give the major stables more incentive for using and tutoring and developing young riders.

Another suggestion—and one which The Jockey Club might well consider—is to have an organized jocks' school with a limited enrollment of promising youngsters. An occasional race for apprentices only wouldn't upset the figure boys too much and, God knows, for the rest of us it would be much more interesting than the ninth race. **END**

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# FEUDS, FINALE AND A FAIRY TALE

*A shipboard explosion and 'Shoo, Fly' conclude the series on Larry MacPhail*

by GERALD HOLLAND

THROUGH AS STORMY a career as ever rocked, shocked and shook up big league baseball and Thoroughbred horse racing, Leland Stanford (Larry) MacPhail has gone bulldozing along, confounding his critics, justifying the faith of his friends with comeback after comeback, time and again turning apparent failure into success, seeming disaster into triumph.

Nothing fazes MacPhail. When he was a big-time football referee, bitterly partisan crowds more than once swarmed over the field to get at him. He stared them down. He took two world wars in his stride, as a captain in one, a colonel in the other. He flourished in good times and had: with night baseball he showed club owners how to increase attendance at the bottom of a depression.

He has thrived on public criticism. He has been unchastened by what most men would consider public embarrassment. One time, when he was running the Cincinnati ball club, he got in a fight with a police sergeant in the elevator of a hotel. Next day the incident was prominently reported on Page One. Thomas Conroy, banker and director of the Cincinnati club, rushed to MacPhail's home where he expected to find him remorseful and penitent. Instead, Conroy said recently, he found Mac-

Phail, showing the marks of battle, one eye swollen shut, chortling over the newspapers. His first words to Conroy were: "Man, how do you like that for publicity?"

MacPhail has weathered some very bad breaks and has been unchanged by some extraordinarily good ones. The comforts that fortune has sent his way—like the \$2 million he made out of the New York Yankees, the 1,000-acre horse and cattle farm, the Jaguar, the Chrysler, the station wagons and the boat that awaits his pleasure in Florida in the wintertime and on Chesapeake Bay in the summer—MacPhail accepts as no more than proper rewards for hard work and enterprise.

Nothing fazes MacPhail, but certain old controversies (which I have been dredging up in our continuing conversations) scarcely had a tranquilizing effect on him. I had saved the most explosive subject for the last.

THE JEAN KM, a 58-foot diesel-powered Burger cruiser, hacked away from the Georgetown, Maryland yacht basin and pointed down the Sassafras River for a weekend cruise on Chesapeake Bay.

Seated in deck chairs were the MacPhails: Larry, his wife Jean and their 8-year-old daughter, Jeanie Katherine MacMurtrie MacPhail, for whom the boat was named.

After a while Jeanie went forward and in a moment she could be heard, faintly, practicing on her toy flute, a project that had been occupying her for a week or more.

MacPhail, hearing the flute, ges-

tured in a pretense of anguish. "Oh, no," he groaned, "she didn't bring that flute?"

"She said she absolutely needed more practice," smiled Mrs. MacPhail. There was to be a toy flute chorus at the public school Jeanie attends in Bel Air, Md., a single performance of a work entitled, *Shoo, Fly, Don't Bother Me*.

MacPhail grinned and shook his head. He got up and joined his skipper at the wheel, studying the charts. He asked the captain if he was quite clear about where they wanted to go: the Great Oak Yacht Club on Fairlee Creek, another tributary of Chesapeake Bay. The captain said he knew exactly where it was.

MacPhail came back down to the deck and I stood beside him at the rail. Mrs. MacPhail sat reading a paperback book entitled *A Family Affair*. MacPhail pointed out some of the estates along the Sassafras and mentioned that there were 5,000 miles of waterways in the Chesapeake Bay area which, he said, unfortunately became almost intolerable with heat and humidity in July and August. Then the MacPhails usually took the boat farther north, up the Hudson perhaps or (as they did this summer) through the St. Lawrence Seaway to the Great Lakes. In the winter they live on the *Jean KM* for two or three months in Florida.

MacPhail turned away from the rail and I followed him below to the main cabin where he started looking through his records for selections to play on the boat's high-fidelity system. He asked me if there was any-

thing I wanted to hear and I said he probably didn't have *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* as done by Fred Waring and his chorus.

"Got it right here," said MacPhail, consulting his index and adding the record to those on the player.

We settled down to talk, with the music softly in the background. I drew my notebook from my pocket and laid it beside me on the sofa, flipping over a few pages. MacPhail, seated across the cabin, looked at the notebook quizzically. It was not a notebook I was taking notes in. It was already filled with notes I had made before coming to see MacPhail for the first time, at his Maryland farm, about two weeks before. The notes included statements, highly critical of MacPhail in some cases, lavishly praising him in other cases, reporting things he had done in the heat of anger, like fighting policemen, newspapermen, baseball associates and the telephone company. From time to time, during my talks with MacPhail, I had quoted from the notebook. He had confirmed some things and denied others with vehemence. I still hadn't brought up the touchiest subject of all: MacPhail's long, running feud with Branch Rickey, the most celebrated personality conflict in baseball. As far as I could find out, the two men were still as far apart as their favorite drinks: MacPhail's brandy and soda, Rickey's root beer and milk.

It was a subject to be approached, I felt, with care. I was glad MacPhail had turned on the hi-fi. It gave me a chance to start with a noninflammable topic: his interest in music.

"Yes," said MacPhail, relaxing and taking his eyes off the notebook. "I've always loved the opera and symphonic music. I guess I've heard every great symphony orchestra in the United States and Europe. Mrs. MacPhail and I made a trip to Paris especially to hear the Vienna Symphony play the first concert by a foreign orchestra after the war."

"Do you have any favorite composer?" I asked.

MacPhail looked at me rather sharply.

"I don't think," he said, "you have a favorite composer. Maybe you have favorite symphonies."

"I guess that's what I meant."

"Oh, hell," said MacPhail, "I guess in the beginning I'd have said my favorite composer was Tchaikovsky. But now I'd say I also like Sibelius,

Richard Strauss, Brahms, Dvorak. I have favorite conductors. I like Ormandy. I like Bernstein very much. I've always taken great satisfaction in the fact that when Leonard Bernstein played for the first time in Carnegie Hall I made the prediction that this young man would one day be the permanent conductor of the New York Philharmonic and, of course, that's exactly what happened."

"You sponsored a program of symphonic music on the radio when you were president of the Yankees."

"That's right," said MacPhail, "and when I was president of the Dodgers, Russell Bennett composed a symphony, *Symphony in D* he called it, and dedicated it to the Dodgers and to me. It had our radio

announcer, Red Barber, as the narrator. It was performed for the first time by the Philharmonic during the summer concerts at Lewisohn Stadium in New York. At the conclusion the composer and the conductor took their bows and then I was called up to acknowledge the dedication. I made a little talk to the capacity crowd there in the stadium, but I had a little difficulty making myself heard. The orchestra kept booing me. They were Giant fans."

MacPhail chuckled and got up and went into the galley to fix some drinks. While he was gone, I flipped a few pages of my notebook to a section I had marked "Rickey vs. MacPhail."

*continued*



RARE OLD FRIEND SHOWS MACPHAIL BENEVOLENT RICKEY IN PREPARED DAYS

In a moment MacPhail came out of the galley and put down some drinks on the table and took one up to Mrs. MacPhail. When he returned, he said, sipping his drink: "Next season, I hope to get out and hear some good music. I'm getting pretty tired of hearing MacPhail at the organ." He was referring to his habit of playing the organ in his living room back at Glenangus Farm.

The music came softly from the speakers at either end of the cabin. MacPhail relaxed, drumming his fingers in time with the music.

I picked up my notebook and leaned forward.

"I would like now," I said, "to speak of your great benefactor in baseball, Mr. Branch Rickey."

MacPhail's mouth dropped open. "My great what?"

I glanced at my notes. "Benefactor," I said. "An entry I have here says, 'MacPhail's great benefactor, responsible for MacPhail's success in baseball,' and so on and so forth. 'Put MacPhail in as president of Columbus club, recommended him for Cincinnati and Brooklyn jobs.' Etcetera, etcetera." I looked up.

MacPhail had slowly risen to his feet. He hitched up his trousers. He took a final sip from his glass and set it down carefully.

The record player had played its way down to my record, *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*. The chorus sang, "Mine eyes have seen the glory. . . ." I looked up at MacPhail, then back at my notebook. It was too late to turn back now. I quoted another excerpt: "When MacPhail was desperately seeking a new manager at Brooklyn, he called Rickey and pleaded for advice from his old benefactor. 'Why, Larry,' said Rickey, 'you have a man on the club right now who has fine potential as a manager.' 'Who is it, Branch?' cried MacPhail. Rickey replied, 'Leo Durocher.'"

A sound erupted from MacPhail that was a cross between the bellow of a livestock bull and the blast of a diesel locomotive's horn. It rose over Fred Waring's shouting chorus and reduced it, drums and all, to the level of Jeanne MacPhail's toy flute.

The sound trailed off and I leaped into the hull. "Of course," I said, "that's only one version. Another version says it was John McDonald, your traveling secretary at Brooklyn,

who suggested Durocher although you never gave him credit."

This last had a sudden calming effect on MacPhail, like a second blow from a sledge hammer. He sank down on the sofa, picked up his empty glass and looked into it.

The Fred Waring chorus concluded rousing with "Glory, glory, hallelujah. His truth goes marching on." It was the last record on the player.

MacPhail again arose with deliberation. He straightened his shoulders and flung his arms as though he intended to throw away his hands. He spoke, as to a judge on the bench, lapsing perhaps into the role of the trial lawyer he was in his youth.

"Let the record show," he said with great restraint, "that I did not introduce the name of Branch Rickey into this conversation. Furthermore, let it be noted that I have never, at any time, gratuitously attacked Mr. Rickey except where it was necessary for me to correct or answer statements or charges by him against me."

I nodded.

Now, then," said MacPhail, walking over to where I was seated. I braced myself, for I had learned during our conferences that MacPhail, in the friendliest of fashions, is given to pushing, jabbing, pummeling and shaking the listener, only for the purpose of emphasizing a point. (It had occurred to me in this connection that the chief operator of the Bel Air telephone exchange who had charged that MacPhail "pushed" her in an argument over a telephone call might have mistaken the gesture as being of an antagonistic nature—which, in the case of MacPhail, does not follow at all. Of course, in the telephone case, MacPhail's position was weakened by the charge of the manager of the telephone exchange, who said MacPhail also struck him on the face with the palm of his hand. This latter charge no doubt influenced the arresting officers as well as the judge, who fined MacPhail \$50 and costs.)

"Now, then," said MacPhail, "Branch Rickey never did a damn thing for me except to fire me at Columbus."

"Why did he fire you?"

"Because I wouldn't resign without Rickey spelling out the exact charges against me."

"Did you have any idea of what the charges might be?"

"I asked for a statement of the

charges against me. Mr. Rickey hasn't made that statement yet."

"Now what happened was that after I had left, the Columbus club was accused of having violated the \$400-a-month-salary limit and had paid several players an additional amount under the table, so to speak."

"You didn't make any such under-the-table deals?"

"I did not!" cried MacPhail. "I wasn't with the club any more when those charges were made. Columbus was convicted and fined by the American Association of violating the salary limit. In other words, Columbus was convicted of cheating. Columbus appealed this decision to Judge Bramham, the president of the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues, but Judge Bramham upheld the conviction. He also added that he had not commented on anything I might have had to do with it since I was no longer in baseball."

"Now, I wanted this thing to be absolutely clear. I called Judge Landis. He was in Galveston, Texas at the time. I asked him for a full hearing, and he called in all the players involved and investigated the entire matter. When the hearing was over he issued a statement saying that I had had nothing to do with signing those players. In other words, it was proved to the satisfaction of Judge Landis that I had not cheated."

I looked at my notes.

"But it was Rickey who put you in as president of the Columbus club?"

MacPhail stared at me incredulously.

"How," he demanded, "could he put me in as president when I was already president? I organized the syndicate that bought the club from Sidney Weil of Cincinnati. When, as club president, I sold the club to the Cardinals, I agreed to remain as president at the request of Sam Breadon of the Cardinals." He thought briefly and added: "One of the finest men I have ever known, a man I respected and loved until the day he died."

I consulted my notebook. "I have a note here, source confidential, that you irritated Rickey by your manner of running the ball club at Columbus. You did too much entertaining, you gave yourself an office that was better than any office in the big league."

MacPhail laughed.

"Hah," he exclaimed, "that office. What happened there was that the contractor was able to beat the esti-



mate and get a bonus of \$50,000. He came to me and said he'd like to do something for me to show his appreciation for the way I had been of help to him. So he went ahead and paneled my office in walnut or something at a cost to him of \$5,000. Just about that time, I saw that a local store was having a sale of some Oriental rugs damaged in a fire. I went down and bought some for next to nothing.

Mich. Then the Central Trust Company of Cincinnati is forced to foreclose on Mr. Sidney Weil, the owner of the Cincinnati Reds. The bank finds itself in the baseball business and desperately needs an experienced baseball man to take over. Feelers are put out to Branch Rickey to see if he is interested. He is not but he recommends you and you get the job."

"Nothing of the kind," roared

in part, and I quote: 'My opinion is that Mr. MacPhail is a man who will benefit the league in Cincinnati tremendously. Now, whether that answers your question or not, I do not know, but I am ready to make that statement very forcibly—apart from minor criticisms, to which we are all subject, that come from impulsive natures at times. . . . I am referring to little things. It might be that he would be too trusting. For example, to put a concrete case before you, Larry MacPhail would be very trusting, let us say, to a friend of his, a newspaperman, John Jones, and he has him out to dinner tonight, and he casually observes a certain thing, makes a certain observation about something he proposes to do, let us say. He tells him that in confidence, as a statement in confidence, to be respected as such. From the standpoint of your own practical experience in baseball, that would have been a subject that MacPhail perhaps should not have told that man, but he did it, trustingly, and then the first thing he knows, something comes out of nowhere. I have known other baseball men in their early days to make the same mistake, if you can call it a mistake.'"

I looked up at MacPhail. "What was Mr. Rickey driving at there?"

MacPhail threw up his hands. "How the hell do I know? You tell me." I stood up. MacPhail pushed me and I sat down. "Go listen to some of Casey Stengel's doubletalk and ask him what he's driving at."

MacPhail peered out the porthole. "Where the devil are we? I'd better go take a look at the chart. I think we've passed Fairlee Creek."

He went up to the bridge.

I picked up my notebook. I pondered the case of Rickey vs. MacPhail. The key to the long-standing feud between these two giants who had done more to change the face of baseball than any other two men or two hundred men ever connected with the game was not to be found, it seemed to me, in the resolving of such basically simple questions as to whether Rickey helped MacPhail get his job at Cincinnati and Brooklyn. As a matter of fact, I had checked on that. Conroy, the Cincinnati hanker, a warm friend and admirer of both Rickey and MacPhail, had told me that Rickey did indeed recommend MacPhail for the job with the Reds. On the other hand, James Mulvey,

continued



SCENE OF AN FBO UPHEAVAL, THE "JEAN KAY" LIES PLACIDLY AT HER MOORING

Some time after that I was in St. Louis and Mr. Sam Brendon called me into his office. He said, 'MacPhail, look around this office here. Do you see any wood paneling on the walls or any Oriental rugs on the floor?' I said, 'I know what you're talking about, Mr. Brendon. You're talking about my office at Columbus. I want to ask you would you take wood paneling if you could get it for nothing, would you take Oriental rugs if you could get them at a fire sale for the price of the linoleum you've got on your floor here?' Brendon said he guessed he would."

MacPhail leaned over and pushed me. "It was easy to guess who had been carrying tales."

"Rickey?"

"No comment," said MacPhail.

"Colonel MacPhail," I said, "so now we have you out of baseball. You go from Columbus back to join your father and brother in the banking and investment business in Grand Rapids,

MacPhail. "Rickey had nothing to do with it. I was hired by the board of directors and approved as a member of the National League by a unanimous vote, with Mr. Brendon of St. Louis casting the first vote in my favor. Furthermore, Judge Landis was called on the telephone by Mr. John Heydler, president of the National League, and asked if there would be any objection to me for any reason whatsoever. Judge Landis replied that he considered Mr. MacPhail capable of filling any job with any major league ball club from bat boy to president!"

I held up my notebook. "I read now from the minutes of that National League meeting which voted on your acceptance as a league member. Mr. Rickey is asked, with special reference to your tenure at Columbus, to make a statement about your qualifications for the Cincinnati thing, to say if there is any reason why you should not have it. Mr. Rickey says,

director of the Brooklyn Dodgers, had told me that it was Ford Frick, not Rickey, who recommended MacPhail at Brooklyn.

The record was further complicated by the fact that Rickey and MacPhail had more or less cordial dealings in player trades when MacPhail was at Cincinnati and Brooklyn. MacPhail hired Rickey's son, Branch Jr., to help run the Brooklyn farm system. Did Rickey tell MacPhail to make Leo Durocher manager of the Dodgers in 1939 or was it John McDonald,

alleged consorting with gamblers. MacPhail demanded a hearing by Baseball Commissioner A. B. (Happy) Chandler and proved to the commissioner's satisfaction that Durocher's charge was groundless. As an aftermath of this hearing, Durocher was suspended for a year on an accumulation of other counts.

The second significant incident came when MacPhail was chairman of an interleague policy committee charged with working out a method for bringing Negro players into organized baseball. Before the committee could report, Rickey signed Jack-

justice, MacPhail issued a blistering bill of particulars, distributed by the Associated Press, concluding with:

"Rickey was not interested in doing something constructive for either baseball or the Negro players. In spite of the fact that he accepted an appointment by the major leagues to study this problem and report his findings, he doublecrossed his associates for his own personal advantage, raided the Negro leagues and took players without adequately compensating them for players he took. Rickey was not kidding anybody in baseball with all that bunk about his conscience . . . Churchill must have had Rickey in mind when he said [of Sir Stafford Cripps]: 'There, but for the grace of God, goes God.'"

The boat was turning. MacPhail must have been right; we had gone past Falster Creek. As we swung around, a mournful sound came from up on deck. It was Jeanie MacPhail playing her toy flute, still struggling to master *Shoo, Fly*, against the fast approaching deadline. She didn't quite have it yet.

WE HAD DINNER at the Great Oak Yacht Club and afterward, walking around the grounds, I asked MacPhail, "You said you were fired at Columbus, and you quit Brooklyn to go in the Army. But why did you leave Cincinnati just when you seemed to be getting a pennant-winning team together?"

MacPhail said: "There were a number of reasons. Health was one of them. I had developed a nervous facial tic and the doctor said I had to slow down. Then, my father was getting on, and he and my brother Herman needed help in running the investment company back in Michigan in which I was a partner. And there were other considerations. I didn't see eye to eye with Mr. Powell Crosley Jr. on some things. I had gotten him interested in buying \$150,000 worth of preferred stock in the club and I had turned over to him options I had on the common stock. It was understood that I would be allowed to buy one-third of the stock when I could finance the purchase. So far, although Mr. Crosley had exercised options on part of the common stock, he would not permit me to exercise my end of the agreement."

MacPhail kicked at a pebble, hands thrust in his trouser pockets.

"Then there were a few other things. Mr. Crosley and I get along



NEW MacPHAIL ASSOCIATE WAS POWELL CROSELY JR., WHO TOOK OVER THE REINS

the traveling secretary, who claimed credit for the idea? Again, James Mulvey supported MacPhail. "Larry," he said, "knew all about Durocher's potential as a manager. He didn't need Rickey's advice on that and he certainly wasn't depending on his traveling secretary for counsel about anything so vital."

There were two incidents, either of which might have been enough to cause the breach between the two men to widen beyond hope of repair.

One arose out of the charge by Leo Durocher, then Brooklyn manager under Rickey, that MacPhail was entertaining gamblers in his box at Havana during spring training. When the charge was called to Rickey's attention, he deplored MacPhail's

in Robinson and, in MacPhail's view, undercut the work of the committee. Later, Rickey was quoted as saying in a speech at a Negro college that the major league clubs (with the exception of the Brooklyn Dodgers) had no intention of ever permitting Negroes to play in the big leagues.

In both cases MacPhail charged that Rickey was crediting himself with lofty motives for bringing about situations that were to his own advantage. To Rickey's professed anguish over Durocher's suspension, MacPhail replied that he wanted to get rid of Durocher anyway and didn't have the courage to fire him. To Rickey's claim that his signing of Jackie Robinson was prompted by a conscientious desire to correct an in-

fine today, but in those old days I didn't like some of the things Mr. Crosley had done—like putting up a big refrigerator and a radio, products he manufactured, on the scoreboard. He had insisted on changing the name of the ball park to Crosley Field. I didn't think he had contributed anything to baseball up to that time that warranted naming a ball park after him. There were a lot of little things. He wanted me to fire Scotty Reston as club publicity man because Scotty was supposed to have made some disrespectful remarks about him at a country club bar. I wouldn't do it. [Scotty Reston is James B. Reston, present chief of *The New York Times* Washington Bureau.] Anyway, I told Ford Frick in August of that year that I wouldn't be back at Cincinnati the following season."

The MacPhails strolled on and I went back to the boat with Jeanie. We sat on the deck and Jeanie picked up a book. "Would you like to hear me read?" she said. I nodded.

Jeanie opened her book and began: "One day as a little old woman was sweeping her house she found a crooked sixpence. 'What shall I do with this sixpence?' she thought as she polished it. 'I know, I will go to the market and buy a pig.' So she did. But as she was coming home from market, she came to a stile, and the pig refused to go over the stile. The little old woman went on until she met a spotted dog. She said to the dog, 'Dog, dog, hite pig, piggy won't get over the stile and I shan't get home tonight.'"

Jeanie looked up. "This is one of my absolute favorites."

"Mine, too," I said.

As she read on, I closed my eyes and thought about MacPhail and Rickey. It seemed to me that there was perhaps a good deal to be said on both sides. Allowances had to be made. Rickey's friends make allowances for his sometimes high-sounding declarations of his motives for doing what he does; MacPhail's friends are similarly generous in excusing his outbursts of temper. "Under certain circumstances," a MacPhail admirer had told me, "Larry is likely to take a poke at his best friend. But he'll be sorry and do everything he can to make it up. He doesn't hold a grudge, he's generous, he's honest as the day is long. For all his huffing and puffing, he's soft-hearted. He wouldn't tell a lie. He wouldn't do a cruel thing deliberately."

I heard Jeanie say, "Are you listening?"

"Oh, yes," I said, sitting up straight in my chair. "It's getting exciting."

"Ok, ok," continued Jeanie, "drink water, water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog, dog won't hite pig, piggy won't get over the stile, and I shan't get home tonight."

I drifted off again. Mr. Rickey, I thought, could not be the hypocritical person his worst enemies have held him to be; he couldn't and live with himself. He must believe—or be—

MacPhail is something like Darrow, but his irreverence does not mean that he is irreligious. Like Darrow, he is brilliant, but principally because he makes certain he knows what he is talking about.

MacPhail is what Walter Mitty dreamed of being: the man who could do anything, tell off the boss to his face, put over the big deal, take a punch at the cop, say the things at the time that most people don't think of until next day.

At any rate, despite the wide gulf that separated them in temperament and character, Leland Stanford Mac-



OLD ALLY WAS JUDGE LANDIS, WHO CLEARED MacPhail OF THE CORRUPTION SCANDAL.

lieve he believes—in what he professes to believe. Even if he (like MacPhail) could be proved wrong about some things, he must have been completely convinced that he was right. No man could live a whole lifetime of pretense. If Rickey and MacPhail were pitted against each other in a courtroom (an appropriate setting since both are lawyers), each could summon a long list of character witnesses. The more I thought about the courtroom scene, the more fitting it seemed. I had a vague feeling that there had been such a scene—and there had been. It was the famous monkey trial in Tennessee when an irreverent MacPhail-like Clarence Darrow was matched against a Bible-quoting Rickey-like William Jennings Bryan.

Phail and Branch Wesley Rickey had been good for baseball and baseball had been good to them. Out of the game played with bat and ball both had become millionaires and squires of great estates.

I came to just in time to hear Jeanie MacPhail concluding her reading:

"The cat began to kill the rat, the rat began to gnaw the rope, the rope began to hang the butcher, the butcher began to kill the ox, the ox began to drink the water, the water began to quench the fire, the fire began to burn the stick, the stick began to beat the dog, the dog began to hite the pig, the pig jumped over the stile and so the little old woman did get home that night after all."

continued

Jennie was a little breathless. "Wasn't that good?" she asked.

"That was wonderful," I said. "It's sort of like life, isn't it?"

At least, it was like life in the wonderful and absurd world of baseball, I thought. As Jeanie looked for another selection, a paraphrase suggested itself: "MacPhail began to beat the cop, the cop began to tell the judge, the judge began to set the fine, Rickey began to get the job, MacPhail began to blow his top, Chandler began to fire the Lip, the Lip began. . . ." It was not too outrageous a summation, actually, of what I had copied into my notebook over the past weeks. And there it had been all the time in Jeanie MacPhail's book of nursery rhymes.

ONE MORNING, a few days after the Chesapeake Bay cruise, MacPhail was at his desk bright and early in the library of the main house at Glenans Farm. He wore a sport jacket and an open sport shirt; his red hair was slicked back and he was bright-eyed and tanned from the weekend on the water. Following his usual routine at home, he had done

a few theoretical miles on his Exercise before taking the whirlpool bath that he finds beneficial in relieving some arthritic twinges in his hip. Croola, the maid, had brought him half a grapefruit and some black coffee and now he was squared away for the day's activities, dictating memos to a recording machine, talking on the phone to another Maryland horse farm, making arrangements to send over one of the brood mares for breeding. A call came from a glass company. It concluded a winter's hassle about the quality of the glass in the living room picture window. The glass company now conceded that MacPhail was right, the glass in the picture window was defective and it would be replaced. MacPhail looked over some letters his secretary had typed and signed half a dozen or so. An automobile dealer called and MacPhail told him he had decided to buy the Jaguar sedan he had been trying out. He would also take a new Chrysler.

Suddenly the tempo stopped up: Mrs. MacPhail came in and asked his opinion about a change of draperies in the living room; his trainer, Frank Whiteley Jr., called from Delaware Park and said Miss Thing, the filly

that had won three straight races, was running a fever and would probably have to be scratched from the Polly Drummond Stakes. MacPhail signed, dictated, shuffled papers, talked on the phone and then, abruptly, at the peak of activity, the library door opened again and Jeanie MacPhail walked into the room, her toy flute in her hand. MacPhail stopped everything, put down the phone, looked at her and grinned. "My," he said, "if you don't look nice."

"Thank you," said Jeanie. Then, frowning a little, she held up the toy flute and said, "This is the day I have to play in the chorus. Could you listen to me play it through and tell me if it sounds all right?"

MacPhail leaned forward, cocked his head and said, "Go ahead."

JEANIE began. MacPhail listened intently, concentrating, nodding ever so slightly. Jeanie played on without faltering, the notes came out as strong and true as a toy flute can make them. It was *Shoo, Fly, Don't Bother Me*, unmistakably *Shoo, Fly*, played unerringly to the end.

Jeanie lowered the flute. MacPhail looked at her. Then he slapped the table and exclaimed, "You've got it! That's it, that's perfect, you'll knock 'em dead."

"Thank you, Daddy," said Jeanie, turning away.

"Wait a minute," cried MacPhail. Jeanie turned at the door.

"Who's in first place with you?" MacPhail said archly. It was an old game between them and he knew the answer that was coming.

Jeanie smiled and said, "David Russell." David is a red-headed 9-year-old neighbor so untouched by sophistication that he spells MacPhail with an F.

"That bricktop is still beating me out?" exclaimed MacPhail.

Jeanie nodded. "But you're No. 2." MacPhail shrugged his shoulders. "Well, that's not too bad, I guess," he said.

Jeanie closed the door behind her. MacPhail leaned back in his chair and peered out the window to watch her go down to the walk to the car.

The phone rang. MacPhail picked it up and listened. Then he started to talk. It wasn't clear just what the discussion was about or who the caller was.

Whoever he was, MacPhail gave him hell.

END



ENERGETH AS EVER, MacPHAIL SURVEYS NEW GOLF COURSE HE IS NOW BUILDING

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE

## The readers take over

### BOXING; NOTICE TO THE WORLD

Start

I wish to congratulate you upon the excellent coverage that you have always given to boxing, but more particularly in your recent issues. You refer to the recent report made to our Governor Brown by Attorney General Mosk concerning the operation of our commission. "What Every Governor Should Know," EVENTS & DISCOVERIES, Aug. 17. This report was indeed penetrating and fair. We enjoy a close relationship with our attorney general, and have great respect for him.

Your article was also timely, accurate and fair, except for what was likely an inadvertent implication that our commission had an ulterior motive in approving certain bouts that might be tainted by hoodlum connections. This ulterior motive, your article implied, was a theoretical fear that we might have concerning the loss of tax revenues and hence lack of money to pay our salaries.

I can understand your wording, as similar talk is frequently heard in boxing circles throughout the country. However, it can hardly be applied to California, since we draw no salary—not a dime.

The problem we have in preventing hoodlum participation in the larger reported fights is that all persons involved come to us with a license from some other area. Since the illegal activity of the hoodlums often takes place in their home states, and because of the assumption in America that everyone is innocent until proved guilty, it is next to impossible for us to gather adequate evidence of guilt in the short time usually allowed.

We have been successful, to our satisfaction, in several cases, and licenses were denied. Unfortunately, those denied the right to be active in California are often welcomed elsewhere. Rest assured, and you can give notice to the world, that the California commission will deny licenses to hoodlums whenever it has sufficient legal evidence to do so—and regardless of the effect upon tax revenues.

A nation's law solution may well be dependent upon the increased interest of honest local commissions in national matters and probably federal regulation, and our attorney general's recommendation in this connection must be explored in great detail.

HARRY W. FALK JR.  
Member, California Athletic  
Commission

Utah, Calif.

Start

Boxing is a big business and crosses state lines. Neither the State of New York nor any other state can correct the situation by itself.

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**15TH HOLE** continued

I suggest federal legislation covering the following:

A federal commissioner, appointed perhaps for life. This man should not be a politician or anyone connected with boxing today. He must be a man with courage, ability, imagination and integrity.

He should have the authority and duty to select all challengers for championship matches and elimination tournaments.

He should have the authority to revoke the title from any champion who refuses to defend within a reasonable time.

His approval should be required for all contracts involving the promotion of title bouts or elimination tournaments.

I realize these suggestions would only be a start.

ROBERT B. BURNS

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Sirs:

Isn't there a "Mann Act" that could possibly stop this apparent prostitution of muscles and footwork? It appears that boxing is not afforded the protection that other sports possess.

The public image of boxing is one of hoodlumism and undercover machinations, and the terrible thing about this is that the public appears to have accepted the cheat, the fix and the manipulator as part and parcel of boxing.

If boxing cannot be regulated any better than it is at present, then we ought to take legislative action to control these punks.

CARL H. DURHAM

New Bern, N.C.

**CHESS: SEND BOBBY TO YUGOSLAVIA**

SIRS:

WE WHO HAVE BEEN PRIVILEGED TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE GROWTH OF THIS VERY FINE EVENT ARE INDEED GRATEFUL FOR YOUR SUPPORT OF BOBBY FISHER AND FOR MAKING IT POSSIBLE THROUGH THE 19TH HOLE FOR CHESS ENTHUSIASTS EVERYWHERE TO ASSIST OUR NATIONAL CHAMPION TO PARTICIPATE IN THE CANDIDATES TOURNAMENT IN YUGOSLAVIA.

H. A. WHITEHEAD

SONOMA, CALIF.

Sirs:

As an avid chess enthusiast, I feel that Ruwix would give Khrushchev's eyeteeth to show this lad to the world if they had him. But they don't have a wonder like Bobby, and we do.

Please find enclosed my contribution, hoping it will help Bobby in his forthcoming chess matches in Yugoslavia.

STANLEY DOLEN

Chattanooga

Sirs:

Here is my contribution. I am glad to learn that any money contributed not needed for Bobby's expenses will go toward supporting chess in this country. Chess is a marvelous game, as anyone who will give it a try will find out. And you don't have to be a giant brain—anyone can play and enjoy it.

DIANA McLEAN

New York City

# IT WAS WILLIE IN '53

Sirs:

Your English golf contributor, Henry Longhurst, is not correct in *Jeopardy* from *Before the Equator* (SI, July 13). He states: "At 23, Gary Player . . . is the youngest player to win the British title since it became a 72-hole event." The facts are that after 1891 the British Open Championship was extended to 72 holes and in 1893 the winner was Willie Auchterlonie, then aged 21.

My authority is Willie Auchterlonie himself, aged 87 years on August 5, 1959.

He is still hale and hearty, and lives with his son Laurie Auchterlonie in St. Andrews, where I see him regularly.

LIESE F. COLONEL W. H. PIKE  
St. Andrews, Scotland

## POLO: SACROSANCT 17

Sirs:

It would seem to me that your normally very accurate reporters came a bit unstuck in *Pumping Plasma into Polo* (SI, Aug. 10).

According to your text, there are "only 17 polo players in the U.S. who can be considered of championship caliber. It is significant that not one of them is from Long Island or, more specifically, Meadow Brook."

Polo players are rated on their averages, with a 10-goal player being classed in the same category as a .400 hitter in baseball. There are, however, four three-goal players active in the game today, one of whom is Alan Corey Jr. And where does Corey come from? Meadow Brook.

Would you not consider one of the four top polo players in the U.S. worthy of championship caliber? If you don't, this is like saying that Yogi Berra is not considered a big league ballplayer.

Another whom I feel belongs very definitely in your sacrosanct 17 is Pete Bostwick. Bostwick is now down to seven goals in the ratings, primarily because he may not be as strong as he was yesterday, but I dare say he still is a better player than virtually any of those pictured in your pages, with the possible exception of Harold Barry. And where does Bostwick do his poling? At Meadow Brook.

The national 20-goal tournament (which, with the National Open, ranks as the World Series of polo) was played last year and this year on Long Island. Who won it in 1958? Meadow Brook.

Who won it in 1959? The Firestone team from Dallas, with Meadow Brook in the runner-up spot.

They are playing some fine polo at Oak Brook, and no one takes anything from them. But they still are playing better polo at Meadow Brook; and if you don't think so I would challenge you to select any four midwestern players to meet Meadow Brook for the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED trophy.

MAXWELL HAMILTON  
Manhasset, N.Y.

● SPORTS ILLUSTRATED accepts the challenge and nominates the following Oak Brook players—Cecil Smith, George Oliver, Harold Barry and Gus White Jr.—to meet the Meadow Brook team for the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Silver Mallet.—ED.

# Watch out!



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## Pat on the Back

Lyle Hyland



**HOWARD NEUFELD AND PERRY GORCHOV**

*'We represent everybody'*

Miami's Dinner Key marina has long been a favorite fishing spot for the city's youngsters. The other day when construction work put an end to youthful angling off the marina, indignation boiled up in the hearts of the two 11-year-old fishermen shown above. There was no longer any safe place left for children to fish in Miami. Rickenbacker Causeway, the next best spot, was overrun by speeding traffic. Neufeld, the son of a mer-

chant, and Gorchov, whose father runs an advertising agency, canvassed their friends and marched on City Hall with a 40-name petition calling for a fishing area safe for boys. They pleaded with such conviction—"We represent everybody"—that they now can congratulate themselves on a supervised, bulkheaded and fenced fishing hole, soon to be constructed right on Biscayne Bay, where groupers, snappers and mackerel run aplenty.



# The Dedicated World of the Fly-Tier

**Artificial lures are easy  
to make, but once the bug  
bites you, you are real gone**

by SPARSE GREY HACKLE

THE fly-tiers of my acquaintance are too numerous, muscular and, by their gifts, important to my fishing for me to express an opinion about them, but I will try to portray them by presenting just the facts. All do-it-yourselfers are, er, "different," but fly-tiers are very different—away out in left field. Let me give you a fair example.

A few years ago I dropped in to see a friend who is a commercial photographer. He had a girl on the stand, and you will believe that she was a toothsome dish when I say that she was the highest-priced fashion model at that time and got, as I recall, \$100 an hour. She was wearing a gorgeous fur coat, which was being brushed meticulously by the furrier who owned it so as to get the right play of light on it. Such props are borrowed, of course; the owner takes the publicity for his pay.

Then entered a mutual friend who is a fly-tier. At the sight of this fur-clad lovely he stopped short and pointed like a bird dog, then bounded forward with a glad cry.

"Gee whiz!" he cried, approximately. "What a gorgeous body. . . ." The model jerked her head around to slay another fresh guy with a dagger look, but the newcomer ignored her to fondle a corner of the coat while he finished his exclamation. "What a gorgeous body that would spin into!"

You may be as puzzled as the model was unless I explain that a fly-tier often "spins" (twists) clipped fur around a sticky silk thread and then winds the furry thread in close turns on the shank of a fishhook to make a body for his imitation of an insect.

"What is it?" he asked as he gazed at the glorious creamy, cinnamon-tinged fur.

"Fisher," said the photographer. Then he indicated the coat with his thumb and added, "Only \$12,000, if you own a credit card."

"Yeah?" said the unimpressed fly-tier. "Gosh, I wish I could get just a little piece of it."

"I can give you a few trimmings," said the amused furrier.

"You can? Oh boy! Thanks!" chorled the fly-tier, almost beside himself, and hastily hauled out his business card.

As we walked out together I remarked, "That girl is really a cupcake, isn't she?"

"What girl?" demanded the fly-tier vaguely. "Gee, I hope that guy remembers to send me those clippings. What a body!"

## NOTHING TO IT

This will give you an idea, although real fly-tiers whom I have known are far worse than that. And that is a curious thing, for there is really nothing to tying a fly.

Simply, the tier clamps the head of a bare fishhook in a little vise so that he can work on the shank of it. He waxes a piece of fine silk thread—about one-quarter as thick as your size A sewing silk, lady—to make it stiff so that it is easier to handle, and sticky so that it won't slip. He lashes one end to the hook with a few turns and then he winds that silk hack and forth along the shank to the various points to which he attaches the parts of the fly, the whole fly is tied together with that single strand.

At one point he ties on a couple of little slips of feather for wings; at another he ties on a few long fibers of feather for the insect's tails. Where the body is to begin he ties on a piece of colored wool yarn, or a narrow strip of gold or silver tinsel, or a piece of

continued



## Quaffmanship

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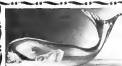
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silk with fur twisted onto it until it resembles a miniature cat's tail. Then he winds the silk ahead to the point where the body will end, winds the body material in close turns to that point and fastens it securely with the thread.

At the right place he ties in one end of a rooster's neck feather—a hackle—and then winds the feather around the "neck" of the fly like a ruff, so that the bristling fibers resemble the legs of an insect. (He thinks so, anyway.) Then he ties down the other end of the feather with his silk and finally winds on a bump of it to form the head of the insect. A hitch to secure it, and a drop of varnish, and he has an artificial fly for catching trout.

It's a cinch; any 5-year-old kid can tie a fly, and I have the evidence to prove it. The only real stunt is getting the materials, particularly hackles. The good ones come not from just any rooster but from certain tough old geezers which happen to have just the right color, stiffness and freedom from center web in their neck feathers, a mighty rare combination and, needless to say, even rarer to find in the only place where chicken carcasses occur in quantity—a poultry market. The right roosters seem to have a genius for staying away from poultry markets—any I ever go near anyway.

So why doesn't someone raise the right kind of feathers for the market? Well, friend, how are you on Mendel's

law, the fundamental law of the geneticist? Because these characteristics I have mentioned are not dominant but recessive. If you mate a cock and a hen, both with feathers of just the right blue-gray (the most desired but rarest color) hue and springy, clean texture, you will get a bunch of black, white, green, purple, spotted, striped and ring-straked monstrosities, among which the unusable colors will have fine glassy-fibered hackles and conversely the usable ones will have soft, webby hackles useless for dry flies, which have to float on the tips of clean, stiff fibers.

#### A PECK OF ROOSTER TROUBLE

In case you have never raised roosters, know that there are other complications too. Good feathers come from cocks with a game strain, and if you don't keep each one in a separate pen they'll fight to the death. You can't even let them see each other; they'd kill themselves trying to fight their way through the wire to get at the opposition. You have to be fond of music, too. When I stay overnight at the Darboes (Harry and Elsie are the best pro tiers in the world, for my money), I get a rooster serenade that begins at 12:30 a.m. and runs right through sunrise.

However, there are a few really gone fly-tiers who raise hackles. You can get some from them with a revolver and a blackjack.

That's a possibility, too, for a true fly-tier is quite fanatical. For some years during and after the last war a

chap named Harlan Maynard taught fly tying to disabled veterans at Halboran General Hospital. This hard-fisted, hard-faced, hard-talking and soft-hearted Maine man had a magnetic personality, and his classes tied with a fanatical fervor which persisted after they had been discharged and sent home. He once showed me letters from two of his grateful graduates, the following extracts from which illustrate my point.

Wrote one. "I am back to tying. I want to get a dozen of each size of 20 patterns in time for the opening of the trout season. My wife gave birth to a boy yesterday, 9 pounds. I have picked up a very promising pointer pup and am training him, but most of the time I tie flies. . . ."

Wrote the other: "I sure miss the class and wish I were back tying with you. I am getting tools and materials to start again. My wife went out for the evening three days ago and hasn't come back yet. Want till she gets home. How are all the fellows in the class? I have found a place with some good blue necks, and the price is right too. . . ."

But I think the most in fly-tiers was the chap who came into the smoking compartment of a Pullman sleeper one night when the late Walter Sill of the Anglers' Club of New York was tying salmon flies to pass the time; he had a portable tying kit. "Thunder and Lightning!" said the young man, which was not an exclamation but the name of the salmon fly Walter was tying. He sat down to talk, and in half an hour the porter came in.

"Your wife sent me to see where you were, suh," he said.

"Tell her I'll be right back," said the young man. Half an hour later, while they were taking turns at the tying vise, the porter returned. He addressed our young man again.

"Your wife says to come back, suh," he said.

"Right away," said the young man, waxing another piece of thread and never looking up.

Half an hour and two salmon flies later the porter returned for the third time.

"Your wife says to come right away, suh," he said.

"I guess I'll have to leave you," the young man said with an apologetic smile, "or my wife will be sore at me. You see, we were married just this afternoon."

He was a real fly-tier.

END



"They're caught Mahoney! I hope he's kept that arm in shape."



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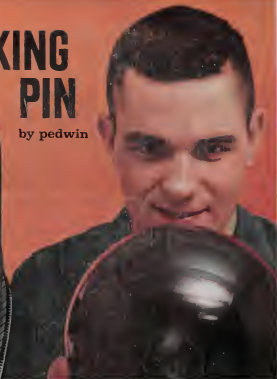
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